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CONTENTS.

About a Popular Lecturer.
A Holiday Rigmorale.

REVIEWS:
Robert Buchanan.

LIBRARY TABLE:
Life and Character of Rev. J.
H. van der Palm, D.D.
The Bible, Illustrated by Gus-
tave Doré.

LITERARIANA:
American.
Foreign.

PERSONAL.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

ART:
Exhibition of Foreign Pic-
tures.

MUSIC:
Musical Notes.

EDITORIALS:
Submission not Sympathy.
The American Pharisee.
Sunday Papers and the Religi-
ous Press.

What Congress must do.

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ABOUT A POPULAR LECTURER.

THE public lecture has become an American institution. Originating in a laudable desire on the part of a few popular writers to extend the benefits of knowledge and culture to classes and communities not easily reached by the rapid improvements of the age, it has grown to be at once the vehicle of choicest thought (as in the careful reports of a few literary societies in large cities), and the opportunity for long-winded mediocrity to secure an audience, as in numerous instances of peripatetic talkers, who wander off in search of fame beyond that boundary wherein a prophet has no honor. So steady is the demand for lectures, and so plentiful the supply, that a large portion of our population suspend, with clear conscience, their reflections upon the great questions of the day until the lecturers come around to tell them what to think; and, in view of this annual call from the Macedonians of literature, a great number of writers, possessed of the missionary spirit, improve the shining hours of summer in laying up stores of information for the entertainment of the public through the winter, so that it is common to say of an author, "He is in the country writing a lecture," just as we say of an artist, "He is sketching at the sea-shore," or "making studies in the Rocky Mountains."

A few learned men, deep thinkers, elegant writers, whose very names are an incitement to intellectual effort in the hearers, and whose personal presence is a subtle magnetism towards good, are the salt which savors and preserves this mass of wandering knowledge. But, besides these, we have a host of commonplace or nonsensical productions of inferior minds, which take up the time of the people, and take away the money which might otherwise be profitably laid out in good books. Without stopping to speak of such writers as Doesticks, whose impudence in what he says is equaled only by his impudence in presuming to say anything at all, or of Artemus Ward, whose way of putting ridiculous things has, at least, the charm of originality, or of the few women who imagine it their "mission" to harangue the public, and whose weakness of matter or dogmatism of assertion is generally forgiven by their disadvantages of sex and education, there is still a large body of men going to and fro in the earth who are entirely unfit to come before an audience as leaders and guides in any department of instruction, and who yet command a good attendance, partly through the novelty-loving disposition of people in general, partly because most minds are flattered by hearing their own commonplace and oft-repeated thoughts served up to them anew, without realizing that it is fresh material for reflection which they need.

Such a lecturer has lately commenced his tour for the season in the person of Rev. J. S. C. Abbott, who, we should think, had already done mischief enough by his false and garbled history of Napoleon I.

without inflicting upon us his lecture on "True and False Nobility." The burden of this discourse is the trite and self-evident proposition that true nobility consists not in the monarch's crown or the duke's coronet, but in worth of character; and this principle is gravely asserted and solemnly insisted on for more than an hour in every variety (or rather wearisome monotony) of repetition. What an insult to the understanding of a nation which has just come out of a four years' civil war! And an insult of another kind is offered at the same time by the author's abominable pronunciation of foreign words. It is enough to summon the vengeful shade of St. Napoleon to hear his votary thus murder the Emperor's French. The whole thing reads like a series of rejected sketches written for the New York *Ledger*, and connected, most awkwardly, by anecdotes taken from the "Comic Almanac." The best part is the extract from Thackeray's "Four Georges," and the only original remark is the statement that the Pantheon was located at Athens!

But aside from these supererogatory blunders, the lecture is what might be expected from such a source. In listening to its scraps of history we recall the bitter, disgust, and wrath with which we once pored over the falsified, dateless eulogy of Napoleon I., the careless, unphilosophical arrangement of which is like the meteorological prophecies of the calendar, where the warning, "About this time look out for storms," extends down a whole column and covers the record of a month. Its school-boy flights of poetical description and extravagant epithets tempt one to believe the story of the dose of moral-philosophy-and-water administered to the pupils of the Abbott Female Seminary at one of their public examinations. Says Mr. Abbott (brother of the great historian), "Duty performed makes what, young ladies?" Answer by previously-instructed young ladies: "Rainbows in the heart, sir." To see the Rev. J. S. C. Abbott perched up in a pulpit for the purpose of grinding out this wearisome essay is to be reminded of the inglorious labors of the horse in a wood-sawing machine, which keeps on stepping without advancing an inch, and works the same whether the machine be fed or not. In this case the saw revolves in empty air, and we have all the painful treadmill monotony without any pile of fuel for the fires of thought.

A HOLIDAY RIGMAROLE.

WITH deference to Plymouth Rock, Christmas is a more glorious festival than Thanksgiving. The beneficent miracle which it commemorates as far transcends the temporal mercies for which we render thanks by magisterial appointment as the interests of elements transcend those of time. A long line of illustrious precedents invites us to the joyful observance of Christmas Day. It was celebrated furtively, in caves and catacombs, during the persecuted infancy of the Church; in gorgeous cathedrals and stately castles, with all the pomp and circumstance of material shows and imposing ceremonials, throughout the middle ages; and since then it has been generally welcomed with the whole-souled hospitality, broad-handed benevolence, and earnest gladness of heart which are the legitimate fruits of genuine Christianity.

We of the present must not permit the time-honored holiday to lose its prestige in our keeping. The half-pagan, and, in many cases, licentious, rites and ceremonies of the Anglo-Saxon Christmas of two or three centuries ago we can well afford to discard, as more honored in the breach than in the observance; but we must not dishonor our jovial ancestors by giving the cold shoulder to any of the essentials of the

grand carnival of the year. Lords of Misrule, Yule Clogs, Druidical mistletoes, drunken wassailing, street mummers, and proclamations of indulgence to the dregs of society, are among the dead follies of the dead past; but the evergreen plenishings, the exchange of good wishes, the merry reunions, the hospitable cheer, the tokens of remembrance, the charities, which for so many centuries have been associated with the season, must never be abandoned.

There is no likelihood that Christmas will ever be slighted in this country, that its celebration will ever be anything less than uproarious. The children, Heaven bless them! will take care to keep its olden memories green in our souls. That *paterfamilias* must, indeed, be a man of iron nerve who would dare to tell his rising family, on the eve of the festival, that St. Nicholas was a myth and the stocking business a relic of vulgar superstition that ought not to be tolerated in rational families. Fancy the blank amazement of the expectant flock at such an announcement. There would be domestic war on the instant, and the mother and grandmother would be the ringleaders of the revolt. No husband and father, who values his ears or the fibrous honors of his head, will ever venture on such heresy. It must be acknowledged, however (but don't breathe it to the youngsters), that St. Nicholas has no more legitimate connection with the night before Christmas than had the head of King Charles with Mr. Dick's memorial. The true anniversary of that canonized roof-scrambler is the sixth not the twenty-fourth of the month. Whether he was born or martyred on that day tradition saith not, and, as our friend Toots observes, "its of no consequence." Furthermore, he was not a German but a Greek. He is a Teuton by posthumous adoption, not by right of birth. If the Greek calendar err not (but we don't vouch for its accuracy, as the old Hellenic chroniclers were far from being reliable gentlemen), he was Archbishop of Myra, A.D. 342. For further particulars inquire of the Greek Patriarch at St. Petersburg, or Moscow, or Constantinople, we forget which, having mislaid the venerable man's address. St. Nicholas, in the Dutch vulgar Santa Claus, has a comprehensive and somewhat miscellaneous constituency. According to the Russo-Greek belief, he is the patron saint of children, sailors, and thieves. He was formerly supposed to take an immense interest in young women—a trait by no means inconsistent with saintly pretensions, either in the past or the present age—and to manifest the same by chucking purses of gold into their chamber windows after dark, a practice which would have been decidedly *contra bonos mores* had not his character been above suspicion. Hence, however, has arisen the custom of making St. Nicholas the scapegoat of present-makers who desire to be generous by proxy. In Europe shoes, not stockings, are made the receptacles of the Toy-saint's bounty; but as more gimcracks can be stowed away in a pair of stockings than in a pair of shoes, the American plan, like most other American devices, is an improvement on the European. If anybody wishes to know by what authority Saint Jonathan has put St. Nicholas eighteen days ahead of time, by transferring his anniversary from the sixth to the twenty-fourth of December, we have only to remark, in reply, that time and space are small matters to Saint Jonathan, he being the tutelar saint of progress.

Having no desire to interfere with the innocent illusions of childhood, we particularly request that our confidential talk with the full-sized members of the community on the subject of Santa Claus may not be repeated to the Liliputians. Let them religiously believe, as long as they can, in the glorious old burglar who descends the chimneys of their dwellings on

Christmas eve for the purpose of making instead of removing deposits. As he is the reputed patron saint of thieves, it might be suggested to the suspicious juvenile mind that he learned this unlawful mode of entry from his state-prison *protégés*, and deserves great credit for turning an evil trick to the advantage of youth and innocence.

Judging from the appearance of things in the toy bazaars, we should say that a tremendous run upon them is expected. A thousand saints, sleighs, and teams would be unable to carry off a moiety of their contents. A census of dolls (taken by anybody but Depew) would show, we think, a larger aggregate of those interesting counterfeit presentments of infancy than ever before graced the Empire City. The demands of the maternal instinct, as developed in that portion of our female population between the ages of two and twelve, are likely to be fully satisfied. There will be no end of rapturous meetings between American laughing babies and "French crying babies" on Monday morning next. Who would not be a parent, or even a grandparent, on Christmas eve and Christmas day? On such occasions one cannot help saying, with the child-loving Psalmist, "Blessed is he that hath his quiver full of them."

"Enough of your puerilities," interrupts the epicure at this point; "say something appetizing, if you can, about the creature comforts of Christmas." Sensuous reader, where shall we begin? Shall we carry thee back to the era of boars' heads, barons of beef, shields of brawn, roasted peacocks, castellated pasties, mighty ale, and raisin porridge? No, thy mental palate delights not in the discussion of such rude fare. It was well enough for the days of quarter-staff and quintain, when yeoman and gentleman alike ate like ogres; but we moderns have introduced a touch of sumptuous poesy into our bills of fare, and the quantitarianism of those men of "an unbounded stomach" fills us with horror and disgust. What sayest thou to boiled turkey, with white sauce, rarely flavored with pickled mushrooms, or the roast bird stuffed with scalloped saddle-rocks, to be followed, in due course, by a haunch of fat buck and currant jelly, canvas-backs with port-wine gravy, larded grouse, and a glorious amber-tinted Christmas pudding—ready to burst asunder with its own richness—that has been twenty-four hours a-boiling. Ah! the tasteful modern *carte* suits thee better than the ancient cart-load. Then let thy imagination body forth the as yet undeveloped banquet. Sniff with anticipatory nostrils its ravishing aroma, behold with "eye in a fine frenzy rolling" the images of expected delicacies, taste with prophetic unction the flavors of the future. If thou art a *gourmet*, curious in vintages, think of the creaming fluids of Epernay, of the Vins de la Riviere and the Vins de la Montagne of Champagne, ice-cooled and delicious. Ah! those tall, narrow-mouthed, silver-gagged bottles, what raptures come of their unmuzzling. How pleasant to the ear of the *bon vivant* the breezy music of the foaming liquid, as it flashes from the bottle's mouth like jewels showered from the opened lips of the virtuous little girl in the fairy tale. If the red wines of France more delight thee, let thy fancy picture the bubbling life-blood of the Burgundian grape, rich and glowing as a bottled Syrian dawn might be—if auroral splendor, like military pretension, were susceptible of being bottled. But what can printed words suggest to the epicure, on such subjects, that his own procreant fancy has not already idealized.

The South, in its palmy days, always kept Christmas jollily. Before sunrise the rural youth, guns in hand, commenced their round of visits. A goodly bowl of egg-nogg, foam-crested and fragrant, was ready for them at every planter's mansion and well-to-do farmer's dwelling, and fair hands filled the goblets and pannikins. Much powder was burned, for a *feu de joie* was fired at every hospitable door. The rich planters gave princely banquets, to which whole neighborhoods were invited, and the ebony Scipios and Cæsars, Chloes and Dianas, with all their classic progeny, were filled to repletion, and danced merrily to the sound of the fiddle and the banjo. Alas! there has been no such holiday junketing in Dixie for four long years, nor will there be this year. The South sits in sackcloth for its sins and follies. May we not hope, however, that the days of its travail are well-

nigh over, and that into its smarting wounds, however justly inflicted, the magnanimous North will pour the oil and wine of forbearance and forgiveness? Remembering who died that all repentant offenders might receive full pardon and be made heirs of "the glorious liberty of the children of God," let us tender the right hand of fellowship to our Southern brethren at this season of social and, we trust, of political reunion.

Away with all discord; let us bury the hatchet, handle downward, at the great Christian festival of love and harmony, and cast enmity to the winds. Congress has adjourned. Let all vexed questions sleep during the interregnum. Let us smooth our brows and have a week's frolic with the children. But us no party butts—both us with no constitutional problems. If there are care-wrinkles in our hearts let us shake them out with holiday laughter. A fig for the currency question, taxation, high prices, the Monroe doctrine, and the privateer difficulty—CHRISTMAS is coming! It is our purpose to enjoy it. Genial reader, go thou and do likewise. Contribute liberally to the children's hose department, duplicate the home-turkey for the benefit of some poor family that might otherwise go turkeyless, send seasonal tokens of affection to those thou lovest, dine on the festive day as a Christian man with an educated palate *should* dine, imbibe a moderate quantity of good wine for thy stomach's sake and in honor of the jovial season, smoke an "Amigo" for digestion when the damask has been withdrawn from the mahogany and the juice of the grape is on its post-prandial round—so shalt thou feel like one who has done his social duty, and experience the happy Christmas which we hereby invoke for thee and every son and daughter of Adam. Hail! and farewell! J. B.

REVIEWS.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.*

A LITTLE more than five years ago two friends, both young, both poor in money and connections, went up from Glasgow to London to try their fortunes in the literary world. One of them, David Gray, has since died, and the story of his life has been given to us by kind hands; the other was Robert Buchanan, who is, fortunately, not yet a subject for biography, but only for criticism.

And yet we may say of Mr. Buchanan that a young man who, as a stranger in a strange land, has managed not only to win bread, but to publish two such volumes as he has given us, is entitled to the praise of extraordinary industry. Living, as Gray characterized it, in a "dear old ghostly bankrupt garret," harassed by want, dependence, and uncertainty, the successful publication, within three years, of the "Undertones" might seem almost incredible, were it not that literary history tells of many like cases. Judged upon its merits only, the "Undertones" is valuable chiefly for its promise of better things; how rich that promise is may be inferred from the fact that the book has already passed to a second edition. Perhaps we shall do well not to press this consideration in view of the market that is often found for what Holmes calls "intellectual green fruit." Still it is something that a book treating upon subjects for which the ordinary reading public care little or nothing, coming modestly from a youth unknown and unconnected, should meet with so ready a recognition. The themes are from Greek mythology, and are, for the most part (the longer poems, without exception), of a grave, even pathetic, character. These motives somehow give the name to the volume, contemplating

"That ideal light
Where, in low undertones, those spirits plain'd,
Each full of special glory unattain'd."

There is Ades, who has won Persephone to his ghostly realm only to find, after all, that she is no bride for him; Pan, who mourns that he was made a god, yet not endowed with the presence of a god; Penelope, grown old in waiting for Ulysses, and still

constant and watching; Pygmalion, who has forgotten his pure love of art in a lower passion, and who finds a scourge in the seeming answer of his desire; and, best of all, that wherein a story of one Eumolpus and the Siren is made to repeat the old lesson of Ecclesiastes, "Vanitas vanitatum" being pronounced as the legend written at the bottom of every cup, not only of joy, but of love as well, and hope and fame. These are all pleasing poems; there are passages of great beauty in nearly every one of them; yet, putting aside from consideration "Penelope" and the "Siren," our judgment of these and of others in the volume would be thus: enjoyable as they are, they somehow escape being Greek. It is not that sometimes, as in "Pygmalion," the author takes liberties with the legend. That might be passed over in an isolated case as not affecting more than one poem. It is not that he sometimes gives us the Greek form of a name, sometimes the Latin; nor even is it that the frequent over-luxuriance of his language contrasts with the tempered grace of the classic models which have come down to us. The young Bion, or the young Theocritus, may have needed pruning as well as he. It is partly what we find and partly what we miss that persuades us that these are but Birmingham-Chinese wares; good enough in themselves, but not exactly what they seem. We miss the frequent patronymics and curt ancestries of classic poetry—the all-pervading presence of divinities and heroes, the directness of expression; we miss the characteristics of Greek landscape as painted by the Greeks themselves, where everything was valuable as it ministered to man. The shade-giving trees, the herbage good for flocks, the vines which yielded grapes, and the running streams that kept the meadows green. These were the things they loved. The feeling of beauty in nature aside from things whose use they knew seems to have been exceptional and rare. In Mr. Buchanan, however, the modern feeling for landscape, a love for its beauty quite aside from any usefulness there may be in it, crops out continually even in passages where he has chosen each feature of his scene as a Greek might have chosen. And somehow or other, the careful reader will easily perceive it, the heroes of Mr. Buchanan are not the heroes of antique fable. They are not so bad, they are not so good, and, above all, the old spirit has gone out of them, as, indeed, might have been expected after so long lapse of time. For the sake of contrast we were tempted to give here the passage where Polyphemus woos Galatea in Mr. Buchanan's book side by side with a similar passage from the eleventh idyl of Theocritus. But, as our limits forbid, we must ask the reader to do so for himself, and then consider whether the difference is so much between one man and another as between two ages far apart in time, in faith, and in feeling. In fact, the sources of Mr. Buchanan's inspiration would seem to be not the real masters of ancient song, but the authors of "Hyperion" and "The Lotus Eaters." Yet from whatever source he drew, he could not draw the Greek spirit. It may be acknowledged that Keats and Tennyson have not really succeeded when they have attempted like subjects, but we can forgive more to "Hyperion" and "The Lotus Eaters," for the sake of what they are, than we can to "Pan" and "Pygmalion." These poems, it is true, have many of the characteristics of real poetry, and often seem as if they were just about to rise into indisputable excellence; but Mr. Buchanan is a man with whom we may insist that he shall not be the echo of anybody else, no matter who may be that other.

The right to be thus exacting with our author is given us by this very volume. We have before said that "Undertones" is valuable chiefly as a work of promise. There are indications scattered all through the book that better things were to be expected when the author should have become matured and more skilled in the ways of composition. But, as we have hinted, there are two poems where this promise is so strikingly displayed as almost to become fulfillment. The first of these is "Penelope." The poem is simple, dignified, touching; perhaps, too, the most purely "classic" thing in the volume. The reason seems to be that the subject is within the range of human sympathy for human sorrow, and that Mr. Buchanan is strong where his heart is engaged, and weak where

*"Undertones," by Robert Buchanan. Second edition, enlarged and revised. London: Alexander Strahan, 1865. Pp. 225.
"Idle and Legends of Inverburn," by Robert Buchanan, author of "Undertones." London: Alexander Strahan, 1865. Pp. 206.
"Poems," by Robert Buchanan. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1866.

it is not. His mind only is interested in Polyphemus and Galatea with much the same regard that any man of nice feeling and sufficient education has for that story. But in the wifely affection and longing of Penelope he has more than a common interest. Where his heart is touched he sees more than common men—not as much more as we shall find he can see when trusting more entirely to his own feeling and experience and less to his reading, but still enough more to raise this poem above all which have gone before, and to show us what kind of excellence we may expect from the poet hereafter. "The Siren" exhibits quite a different sort of promise. The promise of Penelope is fulfilled in the "Idyls," that of the Siren, which indeed is a later work than the other and only included in the second edition of the "Undertones," looks toward the future. We have already somewhat indicated the treatment of this subject. It is only necessary to say further that the story is the usual one of the Siren, with such difference in character as would naturally be given to it by its transformation into an allegory. It is but a slender thread of a story. Eumolpus, who borrows his name from the mythical good singer of Thrace, is lured by a voice to wander for years over the sea—the melody always receding—until, in his old age, he finds the Siren, only to die in her arms. It is told in the form of a dialogue between Eumolpus and the Siren, and derives its chief interest from the fact that Eumolpus stands for a poet pursuing his ideal. The beautiful vision is always before him and always distant, until in the moment of realization he finds that attainment is but death. Under one shape or another the idea of this poem is old enough, and we fear that our bald synopsis of it does Mr. Buchanan injustice. Its faults are in manner, not in the subject; yet, despite an occasional blemish, the "Siren" is a beautiful whole. The versification is by far the most melodious that Mr. Buchanan has given us, while the beauty of the imagery, the passion and pathos of this poem, are to us a token of earnest and tender feeling that may surpass even the beautiful work of the "Idyls."

It is, however, in his second book that our author gives the full measure of his strength. Here, in the "Idyls," he is writing from his own experience. These people he has truly and thoroughly known. And what a difference! We find him, when writing of what he has merely read, uniformly commonplace, and continually suggesting some one who has done the same thing better (to save us from adding anything more about them hereafter, we will say now that the legends of the second book are, to the fullest extent, open to this objection against the classic poems); while, whenever he writes from his heart and personal knowledge, he is as uniformly clear, straightforward, and forcible. He is not always beautiful. "Indeed," as Mr. Lewes has said, "a delicate ear will miss in these 'Idyls' much of the charm of fine blank verse." But he is always interesting. The people of the little Scottish weaving village live before us. Not only do we know their stories, but we know all about them, so truthfully and delicately are their characters drawn. The village, Inverburn, may be fixed, from one of the poems, as Kirkintilloch, a town about eight miles from Glasgow, the Edinglass of the book; though it may be that the actual scenes of one idyl should not be insisted on as those of all. The stories may have been gathered in many places and the scene made one merely for the poet's convenience.

The first idyl, "Willie Baird," seems as likely as any to attain a general popularity. The characters are slightly yet sufficiently defined, the story is striking and picturesquely told. The narrator is the gray-haired dominie, a lonely old man, and the subject of his story is a little pupil of his who had once won his heart, and who was lost in a snow-storm on his way home from school. The story is told with force, truth, and tenderness. The pictures are beautiful and vivid, yet the speaker never loses character as a plain, and even rude, old man; never is betrayed into elegant sentiments or fine language, unless one should except the image, so good that it may be forgiven,

"Old Winter tumbled shrieking from the hills,
His white hair blowing in the wind."

Indeed, in all these idyls, the firm evenness with which the characters are maintained is a noticeable

excellence. Mr. Buchanan has the reticence of true dramatic force. He can keep himself out of sight, and trust to the genuineness of his subjects for effect.

"Poet Andrew" is the sad story of David Gray's life, as told by his father. There are, doubtless, some among our readers who remember this story, told by Robert Buchanan himself, in the "Cornhill," last year, revealing, as connected with Gray, all that we know of his own life. The poem, however, leaves out all that London struggle, with its flickering hopes—the father, an unlettered weaver in a Scotch village, could not be supposed to tell that—and confines the story to its home aspects. The task is done with exquisite grace and insight. The father destines his studious boy to college and the ministry. Money was hard to get, but he held to his purpose until the lad

"Grew up among us, and at seventeen

His hands were genty white, and he was tall
And slim and narrow-shouldered; pale of face,
Silent and bashful. Then we first began
To feel how muckle more he knew than we;
To eye his knowledge in a kind of fear,
As folk might look upon a crouching beast—
Bonnie, but like enough to rise and bite.
Up came the cloud between us silly folk
And the young lad that sat among his books
Amid the silence of the night, and oft
It pained us sore to fancy he would learn
Enough to make him look with shame and scorn
On this old dwelling."

The cloud deepened when the weaver found that Andrew was reading and writing poetry—a mere vagabond amusement in his sight—and when his displeasure found vent in words, the estrangement between the two became broad and painful. Still the college scheme was not given up, and the lad went on further and further from his father, until the end of his London career brought him home to die. We wish we had room for the exquisite passage recounting the change of feeling that came over the old man when hope was given up, and nothing was left but the love of child and father for each other. We can only give a part:

"And as he nearer grew to God the Lord,
Nearer and dearer ilka day he grew
To Mysie and myself; our own to love,
The world's no longer. For the first, last time
We twa, the lad and I, could sit and crack
With open hearts, free spoken at our ease;
I seemed to know as muckle then as he,
Because I was sae sad."

"To me it somehow seemed
His care for lovely earthly things had changed—
Changed from the curious love it once had been,
Grown larger, bigger, holier, peacefuller;
And though he never lost the luxury
Of loving beauteous things for poetry's sake,
His heart was God the Lord's, and he was calm.
Death came to lengthen out his solemn thoughts
Like shadows to the sunset. So no more
We wonder'd. What is folly in a lad
Healthy and heartsome, one with work to do,
Begets the freedom of a dying man.
Mother, who chided loud the idle lad
Of old, now sat her sadly by his side,
And read from out the Bible soft and low,
Or lilted lowly, keeking in his face,
The old Scots songs that made his een so dim.
I went about my daily work as one
Who waits to hear a knocking at the door,
Ere death creeps in and shadows those that watch;
And seated here at e'en i' the ingleside,
I watched the pictures in the fire and smoked
My pipe in silence, for my head was fu'
Of many rhymes the lad had made of old
(Rhymes I had read in secret, as I said),
No one of which I minded till they came
Unsummoned, buzzing—buzzing in my ears
Like bees among the leaves."

And after death the father remembers with pride even the poetry he could not understand, but loves best to think of his son asleep,

"Near to our hearts as when he was a bairn,
Without the poetry and human pride
That came between us, to our grief, langsyne."

We think that these extracts, even cut away as they are from their belongings, cannot fail to make themselves felt by all lovers of true poetry.

Of equal delicacy of delineation, and of nearly equal interest, is the "English Huswife's Gossip." The truth with which the character of the subject is drawn, and the manner in which the talker reveals herself, are worthy of study. "The Two Babes," and "Hugh Sutherland's Pansies," though abounding in pleasant passages, are not so forcible or so interesting as those which go before, nor as the one

which follows. "Widow Mysie: An Idyl of Love and Whisky," is a charming story of a coquettish landlady who allowed herself to be wooed by the narrator, and finally became his mother-in-law.

The often-quoted line of Terence,

"Homo sum; humani nihil a me alienum puto,"

seems to us to exhibit the range and the truth of Mr. Buchanan's genius. That it shows the range of his power is evident from the fact that he is weak when he echoes his reading, but strong when writing from his genuine impulses of human sympathy. And this fact need not be considered long to make it show the truth of his genius, if, indeed, that acknowledgment is not involved in its statement. Mr. Buchanan's sympathies are quick and delicate, and his peculiar strength is in the keenness of his insight wherever his heart is concerned. As a single example of the subtlety of his observation, we may be allowed to give one more extract from "Poet Andrew," chosen from this poem rather than from any other because we have already made the unfamiliar reader better acquainted with it than with the rest:

"He was born with love
For things both great and small; yet seem'd to prize
The small things best. To me, it seem'd, indeed,
The callant cared for nothing for itself,
But for some special quality it had
To set him thinking, thinking, or bestow
A tearful sense he took for luxury.
He loved us in his silent fashion weel;
But in our feckless ignorance we knew
'Twas when the humor seized him—with a sense
Of some queer power we had to waken up
The poetry—ay, and help him in his rhyme!
A kind of patronizing-tenderness,
A pitying pleasure in our Scottish speech
And homely ways, a love that made him note
Both ways and speech with the same curious joy
As fill'd him when he watch'd the birds and flowers."

This passage alone would seem to justify our praise of Mr. Buchanan, for no man bent merely on exhibiting himself and writing a fine poem could ever have seen deeply and truly enough to have written it.

These two volumes are very neatly published by Mr. Strahan, and at a price which renders a reprint unnecessary. Nevertheless they have been reprinted by Roberts Brothers in one handsome volume, which includes, besides two other poems which are to be included in the new volume, "London Idyls."

J. S. F.

LIBRARY TABLE.

"Life and Character of J. H. Van der Palm, D.D.,
Sketched by Nicolaas Beets, D.D." Translated from
the Dutch by J. P. Westerfelt. 12mo. Pp. 401.
New York: Hurd & Houghton. 1865.

This is something new; and who was he? He was Dr. J. H. Van der Palm, a divine who was born in Rotterdam in 1763, and who filled, during the greater portion of his life, the chair of Oriental languages and sacred eloquence in the celebrated University of Leyden. He had a marked fame in his native land as a pulpit orator, and as a leader in promoting the general intelligence of the people. But Holland is not the world, and, however a man may shine in Dutch literature as an apostle and guide, when he is presented to us, who have never heard of him before, we fail to discover, through the medium of his biography and the few excellent sermons appended to it, what his claims are to be known beyond the limits of his native language. So nearly as we can judge from the verbiage in which the facts of his life are concealed, he was a man who to some genius (if that is not a too complimentary word) had united a remarkably well-balanced mind, and many popular gifts and graces. As a commentator on the Scriptures, he earned the gratitude of scholars; as a leader in the guidance of public affairs in Holland, as the guide and inspirer of young men, as the first pulpit orator in his own country, the Dutch people may well be proud of him; but when his merits are put into plain English, and we compare him with any one of a dozen eminent men whom we could select in this city, he is no more than a pigmy perched on an Alpine mountain.

It is unfortunate that he should be known to us through a fulsome and eulogistic biography, which causes you to suspect constantly the truthfulness of the narrative. Dr. Beets magnifies his subject to an unconscionable size, and then asks us to applaud.

He writes like a school-boy. Compared with the almost perfect style of the sermons, his language is mere drivel. This he prolongs through 120 pages, and then he adds some 40 more, in Latin and English, which, if they have any bearing, ought to have been worked into the biography itself. Of the sermons, as specimens of Van der Palm's eloquence, we can speak in the highest terms. They are models in their kind, though we cannot admire the fashion of popular exegetical writing for a sermon, unless the exegesis, as in Robertson's sermons, is indispensably connected with the evolution of the preacher's thought. The improvement in sermon-writing from the dull homilies of a one-sided, exegetical evangelicalism to the searching analysis and thoughtful, instructive tone which characterizes the best preachers of the present day, is one of the best signs of the times. We have many of the merits of the old English divines without their prolixity. If this volume were as good as the few sermons in it are, if it were equal in its literary to its typographical execution, it might rank with Robertson's "Life and Letters" as a charming picture of the beautiful order of a life given to sacred studies. We cannot but regret that this glimpse at a Leyden professor is so indistinct and partial.

The Bible, Illustrated by Gustave Doré. Tours: Alfred Mame et Fils. New York: Mohun & Elbs, 181 Broadway.

Gustave Doré in his illustrations of the Bible has fully equaled, if not surpassed, any of his previous productions. He has availed himself of a rare opportunity, and acquitted himself in a manner to add a new luster to his already exalted reputation. Within a few days the "Illustrated Bible" has been received in this country, and we do not hesitate to assert that, as an illustrated work, it is equal to anything that the world has as yet produced. If we compare this latest effort of M. Doré with his "Dante" and "Don Quixote," we stand amazed at the marvelous versatility of his genius. In the successful interpretation of the designs the engraver has performed his part with a conscientiousness that reflects the highest credit upon himself and his profession. Indeed, in France at least, the art of engraving on wood seems to have reached an almost absolute perfection. In a work consisting of two hundred and fifty cuts it is difficult to make a selection of those which possess the greater merit. Where all are of such undeniable excellence, it requires a study of weeks to determine wherein one illustration is superior to the other.

The "Illustrated Bible" is divided into two massive volumes. The first is devoted to the Books of Moses, while the second contains the last part of the Old and the whole of the New Testament. Of the designs in the first volume the two depicting the Deluge are full of rare originality and power. In the first of the two scenes we see the Ark in the distance floating upon the waste of waters; in the foreground, crowded upon a mountain peak as yet unsubmerged, are human beings despairing and panic-stricken. The branch of a tree, yielding to the weight imposed upon it, breaks and precipitates a mass of unfortunates into the yawning waves. Tigers, snakes, and hippopotami are scattered here and there as accessories in this wonderful picture. The second scene represents the summit of a solitary rock, upon which stands a tiger holding in its mouth a cub. At the feet of the beast is a group of children; below these a father, who, about to perish, instinctively seeks to place his offspring upon the sole remaining point of refuge. In the hasty examination which we have made of the "Illustrated Bible," these two designs have impressed us as being the most emotional in the two volumes. In the "Dante" and "Wandering Jew" of M. Doré we often find evidences of carelessness in the drawing. In the "Illustrated Bible" we have detected but one instance of this, and that in the design entitled the "Formation of Eve." The figure of Adam is in bad drawing; this, however, is forgotten in the manifold beauties of the picture. Of the wonderful architecture of M. Doré we have an example in the many Egyptian interiors and exteriors that occur in the Old Testament. The illustrations of the New Testament are fully equal to those of the Old. The Book of Revelation, as may be imagined,

is a field which M. Doré has most successfully worked. In conclusion, we may say of the "Illustrated Bible" that it is one of the most exquisite specimens of book-making that has ever appeared.

LITERARIANA.

AMERICAN.

PRIVATELY PRINTED BOOKS.

MR. SABIN, whose store in Nassau street has of late become quite a lounging-place for the book-fanciers and collectors of New York and Brooklyn, has recently issued a neat reprint of the Rev. D. Jones's "Journal of Two Visits made to some Nations of Indians on the West side of the River Ohio, in the years 1772 and 1773," with a carefully prepared biographical memoir of the author, by his grandson, Horatio Gates Jones, of Philadelphia. This tract, of 136 pages, forms one of Mr. Sabin's "Octavo Series of Reprints," of which four have already been published. Stith's "History of Virginia," now expected from Alvord's press about the first of January, also belongs to the same series; to which Mr. Sabin proposes to add a reprint of the "True and Historical Narrative of the Colony of Georgia," a tract of 118 pages, 18mo, originally published at Charleston, S. C., in the year 1741, "by Pat. Tailfer, M.D., Hugh Anderson, M.A., D. Douglas, and others, landholders in Georgia, at present in Charleston," etc., a work of rare interest. He is also making arrangements for the translation and republication of the exquisite little series of "Early French Voyages and Relations" recently issued in Paris, comprising F. Gabriel Layard Theodat's "Le Grand Voyage du Pays des Hurons," 1632; the "Histoire du Canada et Voyages que les freres mineurs Recollects y ont faits," 1636; and the "Voyage fait par le Capitaine Jaques Cartier," 1534. We need scarcely say that the republication in a translated form, of this series will be a very great service to American students. Mr. Sabin has also just received from Munsell's well-known press, and will soon have ready for distribution among his subscribers, the last two issues of his "Quarto Series of Reprints." These are, "The Day-Breaking if not the Sun-Rising of the Gospel with the Indians in New England," 1647; and the Rev. Thomas Shepard's "Clear Sunshine of the Gospel Breaking forth upon the Indians in New England," 1648—both tracts possessing curious interest to those who would study the earliest missionary efforts of our "Pilgrim Fathers." All of these reprints of Mr. Sabin are very neatly executed, as far as possible in *fac-simile*; and the very reasonable prices which he has affixed to them is, in these days of "fancy prices," very grateful both to the spirit and the pocket.

The "Furman Club," which has recently issued an excellent reprint of Wood's "History of Long Island," proposes to follow that work by the publication of a series of volumes "Illustrative of Brooklyn and the rest of Long Island" (by the way, that's a peculiarly Brooklyn way of putting it), and announce the following as in course of preparation: "The Autobiography of Francis Guy," painter of the picture of early Brooklyn, with notes; "Miscellanea Furmani," or literary remains of Gabriel Furman, author of "Notes on Brooklyn," and "Autobiographies of Alden Spooner and Joseph Sprague," the early printer and the first mayor of Brooklyn, with continuation and anecdotes of early Brooklyn. We are sufficiently well acquainted with the materials which will be grouped, by practiced hands, in these forthcoming volumes, to be enabled to predict a valuable addition to our local Long Island and Brooklyn history. The "Furman Club," we suppose, may be considered as the literary heir and successor of the "Faust Club," which, we understand, has "gone up" after a brief existence of less than a year, during which it issued a reprint of another scarce Long Island book, viz., "Furman's Notes on Brooklyn," with a genial biographical memoir of the author, by Mr. Alden J. Spooner, of Brooklyn, and very full illustrative notes, by Dr. H. R. Stiles. The doctor, we understand, is now engaged on a final revision of his long-expected "History of the City of Brooklyn," which is expected to be put to press early in the year 1866. During the past year he has issued, in very limited edition, two numbers of the "Wallabout Prison-Ship Series," elegantly gotten up at the press of J. M. Bradstreet & Son, New York.

Subscribers to the reprint of "Garden's Anecdotes of the American Revolution," may expect the two concluding volumes of that work before the 1st of January, as we understand they are now in the hands of the binder. This private issue is understood to be "fathered" by Mr. Thomas W. Field, of Brooklyn, and is from the "Union" press of that city.

"Legends and Tales of Long Island, Romantic, Histor-

ical, and Humorous," is the attractive title of a series of sketches which will shortly appear in one of our weekly journals, from the pen of Mr. W. A. Chandos Fulton. Mr. F. is the author of a "History of the Local Press of Brooklyn and Williamsburg" which appeared in many consecutive numbers of the Brooklyn *Standard* last year, and which deserved a much greater amount of appreciation than they there attracted. He is yet a young man, but a free and sprightly writer, from whom we may reasonably expect much in future. His spirit of faithful research, combined with considerable of the poetic temperament, render him well calculated to illustrate the many quaint and pleasant legends with which Long Island abounds.

Latest among the Brooklyn issues is the second number of the "Bladensburg Series," the first number of which is a very elegant reprint of the "Bladensburg Races," a parody on "John Gilpin," written shortly after the capture of Washington city in 1814, and, as the title of the original edition of 1816 confidently says, "printed for the purchaser." The second is a reprint, dated at Brooklyn, with the imprint of Mr. George C. Beadle, of "A Colored Man's Reminiscences of James Madison." By Paul Jennings. The edition of both these reprints, which are in quarto form, is seventy-five copies.

The humorous poetic "squib" evoked by one of General McClellan's campaigns, and entitled "Manassas," achieved immortality some months ago by being superbly printed on elegant laid and tinted paper, and with large and beautiful type, in the tasteful and careful manner for which the new house of J. M. Bradstreet & Son is distinguished. More recently, Boker's anti-McClellan "Tardy George" has made its appearance in the same sumptuous style, and we have heard that the spirited lyric, "Sheridan's Ride," will appear as a companion-piece to the above. They are the strictly private issues of one of the best known "book-men," and of each not over fifty copies are printed. John G. Shea, most indefatigable of delvers and workers in antiquarian lore, is rapidly pushing towards completion his English translation of Charlevoix's "History of Canada," and will soon give us the first volume. In its untranslated form it has long been a sealed book to many of our students, and in thus attempting to meet a want long felt, Mr. Shea is entitled to the thanks of every scholar. No man in this country is better fitted for its execution, either by taste, education, or experience, and his high literary character is a sufficient guarantee that it will be thoroughly and well done. Mr. Shea, by the way, has just issued, from Munsell's press, the first of a series of small tracts relating principally to the early settlement of Maryland and Virginia. Of these only one hundred copies each are for sale, and, judging from the very elegant style of the initial number, "A Relation of the Successful Beginnings of the Lord Baltimore's Plantation in Maryland, etc., 1634," the series will be eagerly sought for by our collectors. Among the tracts which will follow, Mr. S. promises "The Sotweed Factor," "Young's Voyage to Virginia," "Lewis's Poems," White's "Relation Itineries," with his life from Tanner, and "Papers Relating to the Early Spanish Settlement at Axacan, in Virginia."

Mr. Henry B. Dawson has been publishing in successive numbers of the *Yonkers Gazette* a collection of "Andréana," which promises to be much more full and exhaustive of the subject than any collection yet attempted.

Rev. Louis N. Bourdye, of Albany, N. Y., promises an addition to the already large and fast increasing number of regimental histories evoked by the recent war. His work is entitled "Historic Records of the Fifth New York Cavalry, First Ira Harris Guard, etc., etc.," with interesting accounts of prison-life and of the secret service, and complete lists of its officers and men. It will form a 12mo of about four hundred pages, handsomely illustrated, and will be printed by Munsell.

Munsell himself, by the way, has issued—so quietly that even the book-collectors have scarcely got wind of it—a handsome edition of only fifty copies, on large paper, of Rev. Dr. Harsha's "Life of Horvey," a beautiful companion-volume to the same author's "Life of Philip Doddridge." An ordinary edition in 12mo of this work will probably be issued during the winter by Scribner. Munsell's latest venture on his own account is a noble royal octavo volume of 529 pages, carefully printed on toned paper, and entitled "Collections on the History of Albany, from its Discovery to the Present Time. With Notices of its Public Institutions, and Biographical Sketches of Citizens deceased. Vol. I." This is not a rehash, or a revised edition of the material contained in the ten volumes of "Albany Annals" already published by Mr. Munsell, but is a fresh and solid contribution to the history and antiquities of the Capitol City. Elegant in its typography, and copiously illustrated with fac-similes, views of ancient edifices, portraits, etc., it forms a striking example of the antiquarian zeal and liberality of the genial "Aldi Discipulus Albanyensis,"

who has thus done for Albany, at his private expense, what in other cities is accomplished only by municipal authority or by the aid of historical societies.

Mr. Chas. J. Bushnell, of New York, has just issued privately a very interesting volume of 316 pages entitled "The Juvenile Adventures of Christopher Hawkins," of which the advance sheets are before us. It is the autobiography of one of the survivors of the horrors of the British prison-ships during the Revolutionary War; and none of the previously published prison-ship narratives—not excepting even Dring's or Andros's—exceed this one in rare interest and value. It is now, for the first time faithfully reproduced from Mr. Hawkins's original MSS., with an introduction and copious notes by Mr. Bushnell. We say "for the first time printed," because, although an abstract of it appeared as a foot-note in Benton's "History of Herkimer County and the Mohawk Valley" some years since, and was afterwards elegantly but very privately reprinted by the "Holland Club," it is now published in full, *verbatim et literatim*, from the original. Mr. Bushnell's notes display the same painstaking fidelity which characterized his previous labors in this field, as will be evident when we state that 172 pages, more than half the volume, are filled with notes, printed in smaller type than the narrative portion of the book. The volume is well illustrated and prepared with taste, although there are certain defects in the press-work which do not reflect credit upon the printer, whoever he was. Yet the intrinsic value of this new contribution to our scanty stock of prison-ship narratives, as well as the abundance of valuable annotation, and the limited size of the edition, will always make the volume to be sought after by "collectors."

The third issue of the "Hamilton Club" series, the well-known "Hamiltoniad," by Anthony Pasquin, will appear in a few days, to the great gratification, no doubt, of those who are so fortunate as to possess the "Life of Alexander Hamilton" by John Williams, and Hamilton's "Observations on Certain Documents," etc., which form the earlier issues of the club.

Of all the notable days of the year, sacred and secular, none have been more lovingly celebrated by the poets than Christmas. Its holy character has impressed their souls, as its human character has melted their hearts. It is the season of good-will on earth and peace to men; it is also the season of plenty and merriment. Some of the earliest lyrics that we possess are Christmas carols, and excellent they are in their rude way, with a flavor of poetry about them which the labored verse of later times too often lacks. The greatest poets have not disdained to sing of Christmas, as witness Milton, whose noble ode, "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," will never perish while Christianity is an active and informing spirit in human affairs; and Tennyson, likewise, who dwells upon it so often and so tenderly in "In Memoriam." Witness, also, old George Wither's poem, which describes the way in which Christmas was kept in the England of his day which was not, it is to be feared, a very merry England, distracted, as it was, by Cavaliers and Roundheads. The fact, however, if it be one, was put out of sight for the nonce in his jovial verse:

"Now all our neighbors' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with baked meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury it in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry."

"Now every lad is wondrous trim,
And no man minds his labor;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys,
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry."

The poem is too long to quote entire, so we must let the reader hunt for it elsewhere and finish it at his leisure. What we will quote, though, since we have not seen it in print very lately, and since it is the most unique Christmas poem we ever remember to have seen, is Alfred Dommett's "Christmas Hymn," which was first introduced to the world of American readers from the pages of "Blackwood," in which it originally appeared, by Prof. Longfellow in his "Waif," as many as twenty years ago. Of its author we only know that he was born in the neighborhood of London about the year 1812; had a classical education at St. John's, Cambridge; studied for the bar; published a volume of boyish verses in 1833; passed a winter in Canada, and traveled a little in the United States; returned to England, and set off on a whim for New Zealand, where he may be now, for aught we know, watching the kangaroos and sighing over his unproductive

manhood. These facts we gather from Mr. Thomas Powell's "Living Authors of England" (1849), where we also learn that Dommett was a friend of Robert Browning's in the "green and salad days" of both, and that the latter wrote of him after his departure to New Zealand in the versicle entitled "Waiting:"

"What's become of Waring
Since he gave us all the slip,
Chose land travel or sea-faring,
Boots and chest, or staff and scrip,
Rather than pace up and down
Any longer London town?"

To Dommett's poem, however:

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

It was the calm and silent night!
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was queen of land and sea.
No sound was heard of clashing wars,
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain:
Apollo, Pallas, Jove, and Mars
Held undisturbed their ancient reign
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

'Twas in the calm and silent night,
The senator of haughty Rome,
Impatient, urged his chariot's flight
From lordly revel rolling home:
Triumphal arches, gleaming, swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway:
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fallen through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed, for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars, his only thought—
The air, how calm, and cold, and thin,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

O strange indifference! low and high
Drownded over common joys and cares:
The earth was still, but knew not why,
The world was listening unawares.
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment none would heed
Man's doom was linked no more to sever,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

It is the calm and silent night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness—charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no shame had worn—
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay, new-born,
The peaceful Prince of earth and heaven,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

The man who could write that need write nothing else to justify his claim to be considered a poet. It is as new in thought as it is beautiful in expression—a clear cut, perfect poem.

THE first number of Mr. Charles Reade's new magazine, "The Argosy," which will be published here by Messrs. Alexander Strahan & Co., at the beginning of the year, contains the following characteristic and fresh poem by Mr. Robert Buchanan:

HERMIONE; OR, DIFFERENCES ADJUSTED.

Wherever I wander, up and about,
This is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no doubt:

I have a Wife, and she is wise,
Deep in philosophy, strong in Greek;
Spectacles shadow her pretty eyes,
Coteries rustle to hear her speak;
She writes a little—for love, not fame;
Has publish'd a book with a dreary name;
And yet (God bless her!) is mild and meek.
And how I happened to woo and wed
A wife so pretty and wise withal

Is part of the puzzle that fills my head—
Plagues me at daytime, racks me in bed,
Haunts me, and makes me appear so small.
The only answer that I can see
Is—I could not have married Hermione
(That is her fine wise name), but she
Stoop'd in her wisdom and married me.

For I am a fellow of no degree,
Given to romping and jollity;
The Latin they thrash'd into me at school
The world and its fights have thrash'd away:
At figures alone I am no fool,
And in City circles I say my say.
But I am a dunce at twenty-nine,
And the kind of study that I think fine
Is a chapter of Dickens, a sheet of the *Times*,
When I lounge, after work, in my easy-chair;
Punch for humor, and Praed for rhymes,
And the butterfly *notes* blown here and there
By the idle breath of the social air.

A little French is my only gift,
Wherewith at times I can make a shift
Guessing at meanings, to flutter over
A fligree tale in a paper cover.

Hermione, my Hermione!
What could your wisdom perceive in me
And, Hermione, my Hermione!
How does it happen at all that we
Love one another so utterly?

Well, I have a bright-eyed boy of two,
A darling who cries with lung and tongue about
As fine a fellow, I swear to you,
As ever poet of sentiment sung about!
And my lady-wife with the serious eyes
Brightens and lightens when he is nigh,
And looks, although she is deep and wise,
As foolish and happy as he or I!
And I have the courage just then, you see,
To kiss the lips of Hermione—
Those learned lips that the learned praise—
And to clasp her close as in sillier days:
To talk and joke in a frolic vein,
To tell her my stories of things and men;
And it never strikes me that I'm profane,
For she laughs, and blushes, and kisses again,
And, presto! fly goes her wisdom then!
For Boy claps hands, and is up on her breast,
Roaring to see her so bright with mirth,
And I know she deems me (O the jest!)
The cleverest fellow on all the earth!

And Hermione, my Hermione,
Nurses her boy and defers to me:
Does not seem to see I'm small—
Even to think me a dunce at all!
And wherever I wander, up and about,
Here is the puzzle I can't make out—
That Hermione, my Hermione,
In spite of her Greek and philosophy,
When sporting at night with her boy and me,
Seems sweeter and wiser, I assever—
Sweeter and wiser, and far more clever,
And makes me feel more foolish than ever,
Through her childish, girlish, joyous grace,
And the silly pride in her learned face!

That is the puzzle I can't make out—
Because I care little for books, no doubt;
But the puzzle is pleasant, I know not why,
For, whenever I think of it, night or morn,
I thank my God she is wise, and I
The happiest fool that was ever born!

MR. F. LEYPOLDT has in preparation, and will shortly commence the publication of, a translation of Professor Karl Frederick Neumann's "History of the United States" (*Geschichte der Vereinigten Staaten von Amerika*), a work upon which its learned author has been engaged ten years, and which is in many respects one of the most remarkable books ever written about this country. Professor Neumann, late of the University of Munich, is a noted man in Germany. His first literary successes were achieved in the difficult field of Oriental scholarship of which he was early a profound student. He has published numerous translations from the Armenian and Chinese. He resided at one time among the latter people, and, on his return to Europe, brought with him a library of their literature amounting to 10,000 volumes. He is the historian of the "English Empire in Asia," and the author of a work on the historical development of the people of Southern Russia, which has been crowned by the Institute of France. His history of the war between England and China is also well known to scholars. His *magnum opus*, however, is the "History of the United States" already spoken of, and which is said to be a model of the kind of writing attempted therein—not history of the loose, voluminous sort, abounding in useless minutiae, long descriptions of sieges, battles, and other merely outward manifestations of a people's existence, but history in the higher and more philosophical sense—tracing the development of laws and institutions, the strategy of parties, the character of leading and representative men, and the result of all these elements at home and abroad—the whole being thoroughly mastered and concisely presented. Professor Neumann's work is in three volumes, the last of which is now on the eve of publication in Berlin.

FOREIGN.

A PROJECT is on foot in England to purchase the Bunhill Fields Cemetery, which contains the relics of Bunyan, De Foe, William Blake, Isaac Watts, Stothard, the painter, Joseph Ritsen, and other noted men, and which will soon come into the possession of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, whoever they are, as representing the prebend of Finsbury. It is feared that they will dispose of it on building leases, or for any other purpose that will be likely to pay. The cemetery can be obtained for £10,000, which would not be a large sum to pay to preserve the sanctity of the dead inviolate. The Dissenters of England, who may be supposed to care something for the memory of Bunyan, ought to be able to raise it without difficulty.

THE forthcoming biography of "Ella," by Mr. Per

Fitzgerald, will contain nothing, it is said, that has been published in Talfourd's memoir. It will be worth possessing on this account, if no other; for a biography now-a-days that is not "a thing of shreds and patches" is a marvel in letters.

THE twelfth volume of the "Supplementary Dispatches of the Duke of Wellington" contains the following humorous allusion to the battle of Waterloo, which shows a lighter touch in epistolary writing than we would have expected from His Grace, F. M., etc.: "The truth regarding the battle of Waterloo is this: There exists in England an insatiable curiosity upon every subject which has occasioned a *mania* for traveling and for writing. The battle of Waterloo having been fought within reach, every creature who could afford it traveled to view the field; and almost every one who came who could write wrote an account. It is inconceivable the number of lies that were published and circulated in this manner by English travelers; and other nations, seeing how successfully this could be done, thought it as well to adopt the same means of circulating their own stories. This has been done with such industry that it is now quite certain that I was not present and did not command in the battle of Quatre Bras, and it is very doubtful whether I was present in the battle of Waterloo. It is not so easy to dispose of the British army as it is of an individual: but, although it is admitted they were present, the brave Belgians, or the brave Prussians, won the battle, and neither in histories, pamphlets, plays, nor pictures, are the British troops ever noticed. But I must say that our travelers began this warfare of *lying*; and we must make up our minds to the consequences." George IV., in the latter years of his life, was in the habit of quoting the Iron Duke as a witness to the fact that His Majesty had led in person the decisive charge at Waterloo. His answer on such occasions is a model one: "I have often heard your Majesty speak of that before."

A GERMAN version of "Dr. Livingstone's Narrative of his Expedition to the Zambesi" has just appeared at Leipzig, in two octavo volumes.

THE family papers of Miedel, of Baireuth, lately disclosed some of their secret wealth in the shape of a MS., on the cover of which was written, in the handwriting of the Markgräfin of Baireuth, the sister of Frederick the Great, "Lettres de Voltaire." There were twenty-six letters in this package, all in the handwriting of Voltaire, and extending from 1742 to 1758; twenty-five of the number were addressed to the Markgräfin, and one to the Marquis of Adhemar. They are said to present a curious and interesting picture of German court-life of the time.

THE Early English Text Society has recently issued to its members "The Story of Genesis and Exodus," a song, as the author calls it, of about A.D. 1250. It is ably edited by Mr. Pichard Morris. Two more texts, making seven in all, are to be given to the society's subscribers—"The Romance of Merlin, Part I," from the unique MS. at Cambridge, edited by Mr. Henry B. Wheatley; and Sir David Lyndesay's "Monarchie," from the first edition of 1552, edited by Mr. Fitz-Edward Hall.

To the already large list of royal and noble authors must be added the King of Saxony, who has published a German metrical version of Dante, under the name of Philalethus as translator. A new edition of this work, revised and corrected, with critical and historical notes, is being published. The first volume is ready, and the second is in the press: the third may be looked for at the beginning of the year.

OF the new German translation of Shakespeare, included in the "Bibliothek Ausländischer Klassiker," the following have already appeared, or are in the press: "Macbeth," "Romeo and Juliet," "King Lear," and "Cymbeline," by W. Jordan; "Hamlet," "Timon of Athens," and "King John," by L. Seeger; "A Winter's Tale" and "Much Ado About Nothing," by K. Simrock; and "The Tempest," by Fr. Dingelstedt.

A DISCUSSION was lately held at the apartments of the Society of Antiquaries on the authenticity of the "Paston Letters," which has lately been questioned by Mr. Herman Merivale, in the "Fortnightly Review." Mr. P. H. Frere exhibited on the occasion the original MSS. of the whole of the fifth volume, as well as other unedited Paston letters. We have not learned the decision of the learned Thebans on the matter. The MS. of the first four volumes is still missing.

THE curiosities of Chinese cookery, which will not bear much looking into, we fancy, are illustrated by Dr. D. F. Rennie in his recently published work, "Peking and the Pekingese," a brace of entertaining volumes which we should like to see reprinted: "Talking to-day of the tal-

ent which the Chinese have for cookery, Mr. Thorburn mentioned a curious and cruel receipt for cooking turtles which appears in one of their cookery books. The turtle is placed in a vessel of water on the fire, with a lid over it having an aperture of sufficient size, and so arranged that the turtle can just get his head out, and within the reach of highly-spiced wine. As the temperature of the water increases, so does his thirst, and he gradually goes on drinking the seasoned fluid until the heat kills him, by which time his whole system has become impregnated with the vino-aromatic seasoning, and a flavor, described as delicious, is imparted to the flesh. This story is on a par with one that lately appeared in the public prints about the cooking of ducks' feet by placing them on a hot iron plate over the fire, by which all the blood in their bodies is gradually attracted to the feet, and after they are thus swollen a great delicacy is constituted. Mr. Thorburn says that he has frequently tasted ducks' feet, and he believes that such is the mode of cooking them."

A GERMAN translation of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," by Dr. Frederick Ahlfeld, has recently been published at Leipzig.

WE know of nothing finer in the pure Greek sense than the following hymn, which was originally published in the "Lyra Apostolica," and which recalls a noble chorus of Sophocles in the "Antigone:"

"THE ELEMENTS.

ἀνθρώπων δεινότερον πέλει
πολλὰ τὰ δεινὰ κούδεν.

"Man is permitted much
To scan and learn
In nature's frame,
Till he well-nigh can tame
Brute mischiefs, and can touch
Invisible things, and turn
All warring ills to purposes of good.
Thus as a God below
He can control
And harmonize what seems amiss to flow,
As severed from the whole
And dimly understood.

"But o'er the elements
One Hand alone,
One Hand has sway.
What influence day by day
In straighter belt prevents
The impious ocean, thrown
Alternate o'er the ever-sounding shore?
Or who has eye to trace
How the plague came?
Fore-run the doublings of the tempest's race?
Or the air's weight and flame
On a set scale explore?

"Thus God has willed
That man, when fully skilled,
Still gropes in twilight dim,
Encompassed all his hours
By feeblest powers
Infexible to him;
That so he may discern
His feebleness,
And e'en for earth's success
To him in wisdom turn,
Who holds for us the keys of either home,
Earth and the world to come."

THE Royal Academy of Science in Munich were instructed some time since by the King of Bavaria to collect and publish, with notes and illustrations, the "Historical Ballads of Germany, from the Thirteenth to the Sixteenth Century." The first volume of this work, which is to be completed in four large octavos, has just appeared: "Die historischen Volkslieder der Deutschen, gesammelt und erläutert von R. von Liliencron."

THE Christmas number of *Once a Week*, which extends to eighty pages, will contain stories by Mark Lemon, Henry Kingsley, Mrs. Henry Wood, and Shirley Brooks, besides a "Christmas Ode to the Goose," by the veteran Irish songster, Samuel Lover.

THE Christmas number of *All the Year Round* is entitled "Dr. Marygold's Prescriptions."

SHAKESPEARE'S "Henry the Fourth" was lately performed by deaf and dumb pupils at Manchester in presence of their deaf and dumb schoolfellows and an interested body of spectators. About the same time a company of amateurs played "A Thumping Legacy" and "Bombastes Furioso" before the inmates of the Hans County Lunatic Asylum, who are said to have enjoyed them hugely.

THE Royal Irish Academy recently declined a gold cup of the value of £800, left them by the late Smith O'Brien in his will, on the ground "that they had not a place of sufficient safety to put it into!"

Dr. CUMMING, the second advent sensation preacher, has recently published a very orthodox work on the patriarchs, in which he attempts to account for the megatherium, which puzzles him exceedingly. "Geology," he says, "does not show death to have occurred in a sin-

gle instance amongst the animals created during the first six days of creation. All the animals that perished in those enormous masses seem to have belonged to a different climate, to a different condition of the globe, and to have been all of a more ancient period than those created during the six days before the crowning act of man's creation. We know from the sacred records that sin occurred in the pre-historic era, that is, long before the creation of man. Angels sinned. May not their sin have struck every creature existing in their era, and co-temporary with them, and so have inflicted death on all connected with that dynasty? This assumes what the record almost implies, that angels originally dwelt on earth. This is a highly probable fact. If so, who knows the height, and depth, and extent to which this sin of theirs may have gone? What havoc it may have brought upon creation all around them, how high toward heaven it may have reached, how deep toward earth's center it may have shot? Those subterranean traces of ruin, of disorganization, and of death, may be the issues of angels' sin long prior to Adam's creation, while the wrecks and death that we see now are proofs of only the transference, not of the first application, of a sentence executed millions of years before, to a new dynasty, introduced in new circumstances, and of which Adam was the federal head, who sinned and brought upon his race what angels brought upon theirs—death, with all its bitterness and woe. If so, the sentence of death pronounced upon Adam on his fall was not the creation of a new law, but the application of an old one; not the occurrence of a first fact, but the repetition of a long prior existent fact."

Another sensationalist, the Rev. Dr. Spurgeon, hits at his clerical brother in this fashion, the cause being certain tracts which some one sent the reverend divine, and which predicted the end of the world in 1866. "You will hear of me," he says, "in Bedlam when you hear such rubbish as that from me. The Lord may come in 1866, and I shall be glad to see Him; but I do not believe He will, and the reason why I do not believe He will is because all these twopenny-halfpenny false prophets say He will. If they said that He would not, I should begin to think He would; but inasmuch as they are all crying out as one man that He will come in 1866 or 1867, I am inclined to think He will not arrive at any such time."

PERSONAL.

MR. RICHARD GRANT WHITE is the subject of a genial criticism in a late number of the *Spectator*, the text being his recent "Life of Shakespeare." "The Memoirs," it says, "as Mr. White perhaps a little fancifully calls them, of Shakespeare, which open the volume before us, have one peculiar claim to attention. They are sifted and digested by a thoroughly practical man, whose sense of practical reality supplies him with an additional critical faculty, and discriminates for us all that commentators and antiquaries have piled up respecting Shakespeare's life and antecedents. A connected account, stripped of all accessories and individual views, of what is really known of Shakespeare, and compiled by a highly cultivated man of the world, may or may not excite controversy—it will always have a value of its own."

MR. R. H. NEWELL, whose "Orpheus C. Kerr Papers" have lately been reprinted in England, by Mr. John Camden Hotten, is thus spoken of in the same paper: "Mr. Newell, according to the editor of 'Artemus Ward,' who writes the introduction to this book, is the satirist of the American war. He is in satire what the Autocrat of the Breakfast-table is in wit, and the authors of the 'Bigelow Papers' and 'Artemus Ward' in humor—authorized to speak in the name of America. We can only say that there are some amusing things in his volume, but that as a whole it is intolerable. The exaggeration is so wild, and kept up so continuously, that we really do not think it is possible for an Englishman to read it from beginning to end, any more than he could sit out a comic rendering of the Russian war, say by a singer at a music-hall. Perhaps the verses are the best part, the distinctively American poem introducing the queer nomenclature of places such as 'Skunk's Misery' and 'Tear-Shirt,' and the 'South Carolina Gentleman,' giving the reverse side of the chivalry medal, have both considerable merit."

MR. GEORGE P. PHILES has been appointed the American agent of the publication of the Early English Text Society, a supply of which may soon be found at his literary Old Curiosity Shop.

MR. BARRY GRAY is to enjoy the honor of a reprint in England, the sheets of his "Matrimonial Infelicities" having been purchased of Messrs. Hurd & Houghton for

that purpose by Mr. P. O. Beeton, the publisher who usually pirates American authors.

MR. HENRY B. HIRST, of Philadelphia, is said to be revising his classical poem, "Endymion," for a new edition. He will add to the volume a number of lyrical pieces written since.

MR. MARK LEMON contributes a serial, entitled "Up and Down the London Streets," to "London Society."

LIEUT.-COLONEL GLENCAIRN BURNS, the youngest son of the poet, and last survivor of his family, died recently at Cheltenham, in the seventy-second year of his age.

LADY THERESA LEWIS died in the latter part of November, while on a visit to the Principal of Brazenose, in her sixty-second year. The only daughter of the late Hon. George Villiers, she was twice married, first, in 1830, to Mr. T. H. Lister, of Amitage Park, Staffordshire, who died in 1842, and again, in 1844, to the late Right Hon. Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Bart., who left her a widow in the early part of 1863. She was the author of a couple of clever novels, which have been reprinted in this country, "The Semi-Detached House," and "the Semi-Attached Couple;" of "Lives from the Clarendon Gallery;" and was the editor of "Miss Berry's Memoirs," of which the English journals are still speaking. Her first husband, Mr. Lister, was the author of "Granby," one of the most popular novels of its day.

MR. PETER BAYNE, whose eloquent "Essays" have been reprinted here, has just resigned the editorship of the "London and Edinburgh Weekly Review," in consequence of his opinions on inspiration, set forth in a recent number of Mr. Lewes's periodical, "The Fortnightly Review," which opinions are not considered orthodox by his former supporters, the English Presbyterians.

MR. PAUL DU CHAILLU, the African traveler, has come to grief in his expedition into the interior, from Fernand Vaz, in Western Equatorial Africa, in consequence of a brawl between his black servants and the surrounding natives during which one of the black native women was accidentally shot by one of his party. His offer of compensation was not accepted, and a fight took place, in which Mr. Du Chailly was severely wounded by poisoned arrows, whereupon his servants threw away all the scientific instruments with which a series of valuable astronomical observations had been taken. These observations, however, as well as the journals of the expedition, were fortunately preserved, and will soon be published. Mr. Du Chailly reached the coast in great privation. He has since arrived in England, where he is soon expected to lay an account of his travels before the Royal Geographical Society, and also to give a description of the physical and cranial characters of the natives before the Anthropological Society of London.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

MR. HENRY A. BROWN, agent in this city for the London Publishing Company, has just issued a holiday catalogue of valuable books.

MESSRS. BLELOCK & Co. have in press, and will soon publish, "The Campaigns of a Non-Combatant," by Geo. Alfred Townsend.

MESSRS. GOULD & LINCOLN will at once publish "Front-hill Recreations: The Mediterranean Islands, Sketches and Stories of them, etc.," by M. G. Sleeper.

MESSRS. SHELTON & Co. will soon publish, from advance sheets, "Morning by Morning; or, Daily Readings," by the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.

MR. JAMES MILLER has just ready "Wee Maggie, and Other Tales," by Mrs. Frances F. Broderip; "Rob Nixon, the Old White Trapper," by W. H. G. Kingston; and "The Shoemaker's Daughter, and Other Tales," by Aunt Carrie.

F. A. BRADY announces "Common Sense," a novel, by the author of "Kate Kennedy," "Wondrous Strange," and other works. The book is printed from advance sheets received from London.

MISS OR MRS. ELIZA COOPER is about to publish "The Life and Letters of Lady Arabella Stuart."

MISS YONGE, the author of "The Heir of Redclyffe," etc., has in the press a second series of "Biographies of Good Women."

FLORENCE MARRYATT will soon bring out a new novel entitled "Woman against Woman."

MRS. HENRY BARING is to edit "The Diary of the Right Hon. William Windham, M.P. from 1783 to 1809."

THE RIGHT REV. HENRY EDWARD MANNING has in

preparation "The Doctrine and Practice of the Catholic Church in respect to the Worship of the Blessed Virgin Mary."

MR. E. H. THOMPSON will shortly publish a new "Life of St. Ignatius Loyola, Founder of the Society of Jesus."

MR. WILLIAM GILBERT has in the press a novel entitled "The Village Doctor."

MR. GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA is about to publish in book-form his clever "Temple Bar" sketches, "Streets of the World."

A R T.

EXHIBITION OF FOREIGN PICTURES.

II.

IN "The Lecture," by Willems, we have a most charming example of that great master of finish and detail. Two lovely creations are those richly dressed women, one of whom reads, while the other listens with an expression of deep interest. Art, so far as its realization of texture, can hardly be carried further than it is in this splendid picture.

Different, but of equal merit, is "The Convalescent," from the same hand. How fine the expression of that pale, well-bred lady, over whom the stalwart cavalier is bending so fervently! Then the painting of the accessories—the window, and the spinning-wheel, and the bird-cage hanging overhead! It is to be hoped that these two pictures will find a resting place in the gallery of some wealthy connoisseur of our land.

Ruiperez, a pupil of Meissonnier's, as one may easily see, has four pictures here that remind one of his master's dexterity. Of these "Musicians and Soldiers in a Hostelry" is, perhaps, the best. There is a great deal of character in the figures, and the finish is exquisite *ad unguem*.

Religious art has its exponent here in "The Three Holy Marys" of the late Ary Scheffer—a name so famous in the records of art. The three women of Palestine are bending over the dead body of the Saviour with faces full of sad expression powerfully rendered.

The other picture of Scheffer's on these walls is a "Portrait of Calvin." The earnest old reformer is turning over the leaves of a huge tome. He is a solemn-looking and massive personage, clad in black robes, and wearing a great quantity of rich brown furs.

The late Joseph Lies, a pupil of the Baron Leys, is represented by a large picture, called "A Netherland Protestant Family under the Duke of Alva." It consists of a group of refugees, richly dressed, but crouching like gipsies in a rugged wood. They are all on the alert for a surprise, except the old grandfather, who has fallen, half-fainting, upon a tree-stem, and the little white-headed child, who, seated upon the leaf-carpet, is quite absorbed in admiration of a sprig that he has gathered. The peculiarities of Leys are visible in this work of his pupil—his rich color included.

In speaking of the English school of art, as represented in this collection, we inadvertently omitted mention of a large picture by Maclise—not a very large picture, either, but one containing a great number of figures. It is a rendering of that Shakespearian scene in which *Macbeth* is startled by the ghost of *Banquo*. The guilty Thane stares with a wild glare of terror at the empty chair—empty to all save him, but to him how full of horror! There is confusion and movement in the throng of wondering guests. *Lady Macbeth*, magnificent and terrible, is conspicuous over all; very stagey in her pose, but beautiful in the sense in which a Bengal tigress might be so characterized. There is an immense variety of individual character in this picture, but the general impression left by it—on the present writer, at least—is not a suggestion of that subtle art which knows how to keep art subjective to the sentiment and truth of nature.

Sober in tone and truthful in expression is a bit of Netherland rustic life by Joseph Israels—"The Gleaner." It is an old, old subject, and has been done by many and many a hand, but we are never weary of it. The girl and the little boy in this rendering of it may not be very new or very original in character, but they are charmingly painted, and have a homely truth about them that is better, often, than mere finish and manipulative skill.

Lamorinière, a French painter, has been going in for English forest scenery in his "Burnham Beeches." The somberness of English atmosphere and foliage is rather overdone, and yet the artist has caught the sentiment of that bosky kind of forest in which Comus had his frolics, and the glades of which re-echoed to the revelry of Robin Hood and his merry men.

Thus we might run on for many columns, gossiping about these pictures from the "other side." We have merely picked out for mention a few of those which we

made notes in our catalogue. There are one hundred and seventy-one in all, and only to mention them would require more space than is accorded to us for our work. It is not probable that they will remain on exhibition very long, and the best parting advice we can give to our readers is to pay them an early visit and judge of them for themselves.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL NOTES.

"L'AFRICAIN" is announced at Leipzig for production there in January next.

THE libretto of Duprez's new opera, "Joan of Arc," was written by his son, Edouard Duprez, aided by M. Mery.

ARDITI announces a series of concerts at Her Majesty's Theater, London. There will be "classical" and "miscellaneous" nights. The vocalists engaged are Laura Harris, Sarolta, Sinico, Stagno, Foli, and Santley. Among the orchestral novelties promised are selections from a MS. opera, by Donizetti, never performed; and from Mermet's opera "Roland," Generali's "Bacchante" and Spohr's "Zweikampf" overtures, and a number of compositions by Weber, new to the London public.

A NEW comic opera, called "Travels in China," is announced at the Opera Comique, Paris. It is by M. Bazin, who is favorably known in Paris as a composer of light, sparkling music.

MR. HERBERT S. OAKLEY, a gentleman quite unknown to fame, has been appointed to the musical chair of Edinburgh University over the heads of MacFarren, Hullah, Wyld, and other applicants of wide musical reputation. One writer on the matter thinks that religion rather than musical knowledge was the real test. "Mr. Oakley," he says, "may be a tyro in the art of music, and able to do nothing more than repeat the dry rules of old-fashioned books on musical theory; but if he is sound on predestination and the Sabbath, we can well imagine that he came fully up to the standard of Edinburgh criticism."

AT Schwerin the opera is doing well. A new tenor named Luck has been lucky enough to have made a success in "Der Freischütz."

BLUMENTHAL, who has composed an effective piano-forte piece on his own song, "The Message," sung so much by Sims Reeves, is preparing another song for the great tenor.

THE remains of Ernst, the violinist, have been deposited in a vault at Nice, but it is expected that his friends will provide a more suitable resting-place and monument.

APTOMMAS, the harpist, is doing well in England. On the 7th inst. he gave a recital at the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, performing, among other things, Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," which he has arranged for the harp.

THE following miserable doggerel is actually printed in a London musical paper as a touching memorial of a recently deceased tenor:

Alas for art! his spirit's fled!
To join the choirs above;
Guglielmi's numbered with the dead;
Pity is turned into love.
"Thy will be done"—Almighty God,
"Thou gives and takes away."
His organ lies beneath the sod,
Untun'd until the judgment day.
From earthly pain! he's now set free;
We mourn! that we may rejoice,
Hoping, after death we may be,
With him, to hear his ethereal voice,
In yond kingdom of unknown bliss,
Where we may enjoy eternal happiness.

AN old opera singer, one Frau Schonberger, of Darmstadt, was kindly remembered by her friends on her 80th birth-day, recently. Ex-King Ludwig I., of Bavaria, sent the lady an autograph letter and the Grand Duke of Darmstadt sent her his likeness.

THERE must have been either some very queer music or some very queer critics at Lord Palmerston's funeral. The London *Telegraph*, speaking of the manner in which the "Dead March in Saul" was played on the organ says:

"At this moment of dissolution and separation it seemed as though the whole framework of the giant cathedral was beginning to sob and heave with some suppressed yet tremendous emotion; as though the very pillars of stone that had stood the brunt of neglect and violence and civil war and unbelief for 800 years were rocking to and fro. But it was only the organ, now rumbling, now muttering, now dimly sighing, now *gustily groaning*, and at last bursting forth into the full and fearful majesty of the 'Dead March in Saul.'"

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THE ROUND TABLE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1865.

SUBMISSION NOT SYMPATHY.

WE desire to enter our earnest protest against a view of the present political attitude of the South which is being urged upon the public by a class of intense and influential Northern thinkers. We believe that it is not only essentially unjust and untrue, but also fraught with infinite danger to the cause of reunion and concord. Concisely stated, the view which we combat amounts to something like this: The people of the South are insincere in their professions of obedience and good citizenship. Beaten in arms, they have changed their tactics, but not their purposes. Their highest aim now is to stimulate enough loyalty to satisfy the Administration, and so regain their old influence in the councils of the nation. There is no honest, popular movement toward reunion at the South, no dignified and statesmanlike submission to inexorable facts, but only a selfish and tricky policy, dictated to the subservient masses by a few unscrupulous and unrepentant rebel leaders. In short, to use the words of an able supporter of this suspicious creed, the whole thing is nothing better than a "display of consummate political ability." We do not so read the times. The spirit of the South is far more genuine and sincere than this theory allows. Her course since the war ended has been in the main all that could be asked, and deserves commendation rather than mistrust. That all northern minds do not admit this, we consider chiefly due to a confusion of ideas as to what we are entitled to claim, and to the disappointment which always follows unreasonable expectations.

Let us clear up the matter by a simple distinction. There are some things of a purely political nature which the President has an undoubted right to require at the hands of the South. He must see to it, for example, that the laws are observed, and the results of the war accepted. He may even in furtherance of these objects exact such guarantees by way of security as the case seems to call for. All this he has a right to demand, and all this the South, instructed by the mighty experiences of the war, has in the main cheerfully granted. So much for formal political relations.

Passing now from the realm of law to the free domain of opinion and feeling, we come upon entirely different ground. Here, if we are wise, we shall require nothing, and, for the present, at least, expect very little. It may as well be understood at once, and it is a fact which should excite neither surprise nor distrust, that in her sentiments, affections, and sympathies the South is now estranged from us. She hates the North, and it would be a moral miracle if she did not. Her memory is busy among her battlefields. She values herself upon the courage and devotion of her sons, as though their heroism had not illustrated the cause of treason, and wounded their country's life. Brilliant military service in the rebel army is a sure passport to popular favor and public place, and a man is famous and honored throughout the South according as he has lifted up axes upon the tree of liberty. Are we alarmed by this? Do we wonder that a people who have given up everything for a dream of independence should try to console themselves in their desolation with the barren splendor of a name high in the annals of war? Shall it disturb us that the Confederate uniform is cherished in many a southern home, and that fireside tales of southern victories will quicken the pulse and brighten the eye of youth for a generation to come? Assuredly not. Our own hearts bear generous witness within us, and dilate with a cordial pride in our countrymen that is strangely tempered with pain for their errors.

And yet there is a numerous and influential class of men who feel nothing of this. Their uncompromising loyalty admits of no delay. They have looked

for a reconstruction not only of the framework of southern society, but also of the constitution of the southern mind, and have expected with the return of peace an immediate and total revolution of opinion and revulsion of feeling. Up to this point we can smile at their eager credulity and ignorance of human nature. But their folly ceases to be amusing and becomes pernicious if they proceed to argue from the inevitable breach of sympathy and community between the two sections of our country that insincerity and bad faith must, of necessity, lurk in every political arrangement and qualify every pledge of allegiance. It is a patriotic duty to expose the fallacy of this monstrous inference, and discountenance so grave an aspersion of the good sense, no less than the candor, of half the nation.

At some future day the submission of the South will be transmuted to sympathy and brotherhood, and the process of reunion will then be complete. This mighty work we commit to the alchemy of the coming years. For the present let us be patient and reasonable, and, while we hold with a grip of iron to the great fruits of our victory, let us adopt as our own Mr. Seward's truly national utterance, "We must trust each other."

THE AMERICAN PHARISEES.

THERE is a soul of goodness, we are told, in things evil, and wise men can in nothing better show their wisdom than in making the best of a bad business. Is there no "use," then, to be extracted from such scandalous and sickening revelations of American social life as have for now three weeks been daily making before one of our city courts? If this thing had come to pass in Paris or London; if the hideous story of domestic treachery, and personal baseness, and social cynicism, which is to pass into our law-books under the formal caption of "Strong v. Strong" had been presented to the world from the stage of Sir Creswell Creswell's court for divorce and matrimonial causes, or recorded in the columns of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, what sermons would not have been preached in our own daily journals about the corruptions of an effete aristocracy and the degrading influences of European "hot-house life!" Nay, has not the common sense of the American public been insulted by the cool effrontery with which at least one of the counsel in this very case has repeatedly alluded to the travels of one of the parties to this suit "in Europe" as the sufficient explanation of the chaos of sin and shame in which all the parties to this suit seem, if we are to trust the sworn evidence offered, for years to have wallowed? We are all of us tainted and outraged by this foul matter. Let us then face it like men, throw the responsibility where it belongs, and see if we cannot draw from a tale which assuredly will not adorn our annals some moral that may help or tend to help our common life.

The decency and decorum of American society are a tradition inherited from our fathers, and "exploited" by ourselves for many a year past, with much observation and no slight commendation of mankind in general. Just as for years past British literature has teemed with lofty and pharisaical reprobation of the debaucheries and excesses of the Parisian world, though all the while the Haymarket nightly stank in the nostrils of mankind, and the golden book of the British peerage reeked, almost on every page, with records of domestic dishonor vitigating the genealogies of England's proudest and most historic names, so has it been a commonplace of American preaching and prophesying to contrast the purity and elevation of American manners and morals with the licentiousness of the elder world. Dare we any longer parade these pompous assertions of self-righteousness in the face of such damning facts as those that now lie festering before us?

It will not do to gabble about the demoralization of "fashionable" life, and the undermining mischief wrought by sudden and excessive wealth upon men and women unaccustomed to the seductions of luxury and ease. The persons with whom we have to deal in this problem represent neither the extravagantly rich nor the recklessly worldly circles of American and New York life. They all, like St. Patrick in the song, "came of decent people." Neither the

husband nor the wife rose from poverty to opulence in a day; neither the husband nor the wife were inordinately given to balls, operas, and playhouses. On the contrary, they and all their kinsfolk were reared in that estate for which Agur prayed. To them had been given "neither poverty nor riches;" they had been "fed with food convenient for them;" brought up in households made familiar with the sanctities and respectful of the forms of religion. Whatever man or woman need seek of reasonable and wholesome in the world's resources of instruction, and in its opportunities of enjoyment, was theirs. A name of good repute, access to the best as well as the most brilliant society of their country—all was theirs. If such people, in such circumstances, may not be fairly taken to represent the best average influences and results of American life, who, we ask, can be taken to do so? Yet what is the result?

Not merely a domestic tragedy of adultery complicated by incest. That were bad enough; but the fierce and consuming passions which try and desolate human nature will make their way, it may be pleaded, through all barriers, reduce a David to the subornation of murder as the convenience of lust, and stain the episcopal lawn itself with shame. The horror of this story lies rather, for us, in the abominable indifference to guilt and dishonor which crops out through all its foul course, as a characteristic, not only of the parties directly implicated in the central crime itself of the narrative, but of all, or almost all, those who surrounded them, who were affected by their conduct, and whose agency was required to make the loathsome thing as public as it has now at last become.

Looking upon the case from this aspect, must it not make the most reckless among us pause, and force the lightest of mind to ask himself whether some dark and evil change has not, indeed, been stealing over our social atmosphere of late years, sapping the virtue of our women and the honor of our men, turning our piety into a mask, and shaking down the bulwarks alike of private and of public morals? Whence comes this change? are we asked; or how shall it be met and how arrested? These are questions which we do not propose or presume to answer. It is first necessary that the public conscience and the public mind should be aroused to recognize the change as a fact, and to feel it as a peril. There is no hope for the Pharisee till he has first been brought to know himself for a hypocrite, and to shudder at the shame and the danger of his hypocrisy. It is the first thing that our loud-vaunting virtue should be made conscious of its hollowness, should be driven down into the dust, there to lay its hand upon its mouth and to cry, "God be merciful unto me a sinner!"

The wretched persons concerned in this flagrant apocalypse of dishonor will speedily vanish from the public gaze, and, for their own sakes, we trust, be heard of no more. But woe unto us if the apocalypse itself shall, with them, be forgotten! Woe unto us if that shall be complacently carried to the account of individual imbecility and depravity which is plainly, awfully, and alarmingly the out-cropping of a wide-spread social disease, and a morbid internal condition of the whole body of our time!

SUNDAY PAPERS & THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

THE publisher of one of the leading newspapers in Philadelphia, the *Press*, has recently issued a Sunday edition of the paper and announces his intention of continuing it as long as it will pay. This course on his part has evoked much local comment and even a formal remonstrance, couched in very respectful language, by the Methodist Episcopal clergy of that city, to which Mr. Forney replied in equally respectful terms. As was to be expected, the clergymen failed to induce the journalist to adopt their opinion of the matter, and his defense worked no change in their views. Whether the *Press* be issued on Sunday or not is, of course, a matter for Mr. Forney to decide, and with him alone must rest the responsibility of the decision; after that the responsibility rests upon the public, with whom it is optional to buy, or refrain from buying, the paper dated on Sunday. We have a few words to say to both parties, or rather to the classes represented by each.

The sole question for the publisher to decide is,

whether it is right for him to print and circulate, on Sunday, a paper which he knows to contain secular reading-matter, and to be in all respects similar in character to the issues of the six preceding days. That such a paper will sell is no argument for or against the moral question involved in printing it. Nor is the point of the matter touched by the claim that the publication of a Sunday morning paper involves less work on Sunday than the publication of the issue for Monday morning. The question is not which of the two issues involves the more labor on the Sabbath, but is it right to publish a secular paper on the Sabbath? Nor is there any pertinency to the subject under consideration in the claim that the professedly "religious papers," designed especially for Sunday reading, are sadly deficient. All these arguments, so frequently urged in favor of publishing Sunday issues of daily newspapers, are not arguments at all, for they have no possible relevancy to the question at issue. The whole matter resolves itself into this: Is it morally right? That there is some doubt as to the correctness of an affirmative answer is shown by the fact that every daily paper which has decided to issue a Sunday edition has argued as ably as it could to its readers the propriety of such a step. Were the propriety indubitable, why go to the pains of trying to prove it so? To our minds there is neither right nor reason in publishing a paper on Sunday. Moreover, it is an insult to a large portion of the community—a portion, too, composed of persons who command universal respect, and whose names are always deemed valuable in connection with any enterprise. But the question must be decided by the publisher alone, and he alone must bear the responsibility of his decision.

It seems to us that the people owe it to themselves and to the best interests of the community to refuse to purchase any paper that is published on Sunday. In the first place, there is no necessity for such a paper. Where no one can obtain news, no one loses anything by the absence of it. Besides this, there is a general sentiment in favor of abstaining from secular pursuits and secular enjoyments on the Sabbath. Whether this sentiment be well grounded or not, whether it be, or be not, inculcated by reason or revelation, the fact of its existence cannot be questioned; and, after all the debates upon the divine origin of what is known as the Christian Sabbath, there remains the uncontrovertible fact that for many centuries a large portion of all civilized communities have observed this day, not merely as one of rest, but as a day set apart by divine appointment for special religious worship. This is no new notion; it is not claimed as a device of man for his physical benefit; it has never been urged that it was set apart for animal enjoyment or only animal rest. Look at it as you will, observe it as you choose, but you cannot escape this conclusion, that at some time in the past the first day of the week began to be kept sacred by a certain set of persons who believed they had a higher than human authority for doing thus, and this same day has ever since been kept sacred by constantly increasing multitudes, composed of men and women of all creeds and of all nationalities. Surely there must be some reason for this, and if reason there be, has not the day some claims upon intelligent people for proper observance? Why, then, encourage the publication and sale of secular papers upon that day? Why not discountenance them? How each person may observe the Sabbath is, of course, for him alone to decide; but the public have a right to complain of the man who will publicly run counter to its convictions upon this matter. The manager who would open his theater on Sunday, the merchant who would open his store on that day, would soon lose all patronage and incur almost universal censure. And why should publishers be exempted from this feeling?

We have a word to say to the conductors of the distinctively religious press in this connection. Were their papers what they should be and might be, the Sunday issues of our daily journals would be less frequent than they are now. As a class, the religious papers are unpardonably stupid. Were an entire stranger to this country to judge of the caliber of its religious people by the character of its religious papers, he would estimate it at the very lowest degree. We have before us several, and not one of them comes anywhere near the standard that should

be and could be attained. The fault does not lie in the readers, for the religious portion of the community will compare very favorably with the community at large in intelligence, acuteness, influence, and social position. Nor can the matters of which they must necessarily treat to a greater or less degree be pleaded by the conductors as an excuse for the inanity of their papers. The religious literature of the world, from the Bible down, will suffer nothing in any point of view with the world's secular literature, while the subjects of which this literature treats have tasked, and task to-day, the minds of the greatest thinkers of all time. The fault lies solely with the papers. We know we speak the sentiment of the people who patronize them when we assert that the secular newspaper that would be managed as slovenly, as poorly, and as unattractively as are most of our religious papers, would die for want of patronage in less than a week. And when such stuff is offered to the public as food for thought on Sunday, is it strange that thousands prefer to read a secular paper? We trust that the conductors of the religious press will consider this matter. They owe it to themselves, to the public, and to the great interests which they claim to represent, to give it careful consideration; and never was there more reason for doing so than just now, when they are making great promises of what they will do during the coming year. Subscribers are excellent adjuncts to a religious paper, and sewing-machines may be tempting inducements to subscribers, but the best inducement of all, as it is the best feature of such a journal, is reading matter that is interesting, suggestive, rich in thought, sound in sentiment, and worthy of the Christian religion.

WHAT CONGRESS MUST DO.

IT is to be hoped that Congress, upon reassembling after the holidays, will be prepared to commence the legitimate work before it, and in a very different spirit from that manifested thus far. The country has been sorely disappointed in its deliberations in that it has shown a disposition to be fractious, impracticable, and revengeful. It is a misfortune that the members of the House of Representatives were elected at a time when the passions of men ran very high, owing to the existence of an exhausting and bitter war. They represent, therefore, the state of feeling which prevailed during the presidential campaign of 1864, and not that which prevails now that the war is ended and peace assured. The very composition of this body is unfortunate. Fully ninety of the members of the present House sit in the Capitol for the first time, and the representatives of a single party are in an unprecedentedly large majority, of which majority by far the larger portion are new to Washington and known only to the localities where they reside. Then, too, of the representatives of the opposition to the Administration there are barely three men of whom the country has ever heard. It is this body, so unhappily constituted, representing a phase of popular sentiment no longer existing, and inexperienced in legislation, by whom the great problem of reconstruction is to be solved. Aiming to represent the independent public opinion of the country, we have no hesitation in declaring that the spirit thus far manifested by Congress is not indorsed by the people.

There is no objection to the principal measures which the majority claim to have in view. The country wants a settlement of the questions at issue between the North and South upon a just and equitable basis. The South must accept the result of the war; the anti-slavery amendment to the Constitution must be ratified by the southern states; the Confederate war debt must be repudiated; and guarantee must be given that the negroes be treated fairly by the white inhabitants of the reconstructed States. These are conditions which the North will indorse Congress in demanding of the late seceded states before admitting them to all the rights and privileges of membership in the Union. We believe, however—indeed, we are quite sure—that the country does not ask that the right of suffrage be accorded to the mass of ignorant and recently emancipated slaves; but it does demand that the negroes have equal opportunities with the whites in business and be on

equal footing with them before the law. This much is due to justice.

Thus far, it must be admitted, the South has shown an excellent spirit. The apparently good faith in which it has complied with the conditions imposed upon it by the President for resuming its place in the Union give it a claim upon the northern people for the exercise of magnanimity. This claim the North is ready and willing to grant. But the country objects to the evident determination of men of the Sumner and Stevens stamp to keep the southern states out of the Union and to punish the mass of the southern people for engaging in the rebellion. If history has taught anything, it is that there are but two ways to treat a conquered people who are of our own race and inhabit a territory contiguous to our own. We must either incorporate them into our own nationality as equals, or exterminate them root and branch. The people evidently prefer the former policy, but a majority of at least the lower branch of Congress are wedded to the latter.

It was well observed by a city journal that President Johnson had done more to reconcile the South to the supremacy of the Union in eight months, by his policy of conciliation, than England has in reconciling Ireland to its lot after four centuries of such a policy as that advocated by the Sumners and Stevens of the American Congress. Whatever objections may be urged against Mr. Johnson's reconstruction policy, it must be owned that, though only partially developed, it has secured in the late seceded states the abolition of slavery, the repudiation of the Confederate war debt, the election of senators and representatives to the national Congress, and the revival of trade between the North and the South.

We hope that Congress, having in mind the experience of other nations and alive to the best interests of the country, will reassemble after the recess in a better spirit than it has yet shown; that, realizing that revenge should have no place in the policy of a great nation, it will endeavor to restore confidence, and reconstruct this Union by the adoption of generous and conciliatory measures affecting the southern states. Any other policy is sure to produce excitement, turmoil, and discontent throughout the South. Will not Congress heed this warning?

THE readers of THE ROUND TABLE cannot have failed to notice, through its crowded columns of announcements, the unusual spirit of enterprise and honorable rivalry which has sprung up with the book publishers since the close of the war. The present season is remarkable for its production of really elegant books. The leading publishing houses have made ventures involving great amounts of money, and all the first-class printing and binding establishments have been crowded with work by night as well as by day for months. The paper-makers, too, have been taxed to their utmost to furnish in sufficient quantities the superb paper that has been required for the numerous illustrated works. As chroniclers of the literary achievements of the day, we cannot justly pass by without special mention this revived and progressive spirit of prominent publishers in all parts of the country.

The marked feature of the books that are presented to the public for the holiday trade, is the richness and beauty of their bindings and the taste displayed in the typographical execution. We are not of those who contend that a book must depend upon its dress for success; but, as a man becomes more acceptable when neatly appareled, so is a book more attractive in the garb of tasteful covers and artistic printing. The books that have appeared this year are very rich and beautiful, an honor to the country as well as to their publishers. They are such an advance upon the old-time annuals and New Year's gift-books, that we do not wonder that the tide of gift-seeking has turned again in favor of books rather than for jewelry or more profitless articles. It is a cheering sign, too, that the publishers should have sufficient faith in the taste and culture of the people to make such great ventures close in the wake of a protracted war. We cannot but believe that their enterprise will meet with the reward and appreciation that it deserves.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, December 18, 1865.

LIPPINCOTT & Co., of this city, whose business transactions are enormous, have just published several important works. Among these are a book "On Wakefulness," the contents being: 1. Physiology of Sleep. 2. The Pathology of Wakefulness. 3. The Exciting Causes of Wakefulness. 4. The Treatment of Wakefulness. This volume is written by Dr. William A. Hammond, author of "A Treatise on Hygiene," and is a highly interesting monograph. Its author was Surgeon-General of the United States during the late war, and has gone to Europe in charge of a grandson of the late John Jacob Astor; receiving, I hear, \$10,000 (in gold) for six months, all traveling and subsistence expenses liberally paid, and a further sum of \$3,000, again in gold, for each month that he may be so occupied beyond the first six. This is a princely fee.

By special arrangement with Mr. Anthony Trollope his new novel, "The Belton Estate," which has appeared in the *Fortnightly Review* and is not yet concluded therein, will be published, to day or to-morrow, by Lippincott & Co., far in advance of all others. "Jehovah Jireh," a treatise on Providence, by the Rev. Dr. W. S. Plumer; "Auguste Comte and Positivism," a new work by John Stuart Mill, to be produced under his own supervision, are in the press; so is a new edition of Syme's "Principles of Surgery," edited by his former pupil, Professor Maclean, of Queen's University, Canada. A new work of fiction (English, I believe), entitled "Robert Dalby and his World of Troubles, being the Early Days of a Connoisseur," will immediately appear, and Messrs. Lippincott & Co. have imported the illustrated library edition, finally revised by the author, with all the original illustrations, of Dickens's works. These are 8vo size, and each volume rates at \$3, which is a trifle below the London price. At present no other works of any importance are in the press in this city.

The sale of holiday-books, which will commence to-day and continue up to New Year's day, will be greater this season, in Philadelphia, than it ever was before. Every city has some peculiarity, just as individuals have—some have a great many—and, in this City of Brotherly Love, the peculiar practice prevails of never buying a book, as a holiday present, *after* New Year's day. Up to a late hour that day you may purchase, but early next day the holiday-books are put aside, and the regular routine of ordinary bookselling is resumed.

Some years ago Evans's Gift Bookstore was accepted as one of the institutions of this city, and was conducted with a great deal of fairness. After a prosperous reign of three or four years Mr. Evans "came to grief," as the saying is. He had been robbed on all sides—plundered to a vast extent. One of his employees built half a street with money which he eventually confessed, he had abstracted from letters addressed to Mr. Evans and received by mail. Mr. Evans has manfully struggled since his business eclipse; latterly as agent for the Florence sewing machines. He has just recommenced his old gift-book business, advertising liberally (which was the secret of his former success), and is likely to make a fortune again.

The Philadelphia Sketch Club, of which Mr. Charles F. Hazeltine is president, have 348 works of art in their prize exhibition at the Academy of Fine Arts. They offer ten prizes: two for oil color, two for water color, two for sculpture, two for monochrome, and two for illuminations. Their catalogue, by the way, with its illustrated title-page, is a curiosity in its way. It is of quarto size, and beautifully printed in purple ink on rose-tinted paper. The general opinion, even among artists, is that the two prizes for oil paintings will be awarded to Mr. Edward Moran, marine painter, and to Mr. H. C. Bispham, who excels as an animal painter, but also deals with landscape and "the human face divine." Mr. Moran's principal picture, sent in for competition, is "On the Sea-shore," a splendid specimen of color and drawing; but not better, I think, than one of his pictures (the subject drawing, a life-boat to be launched with a wrecked vessel in view) in the Artists' Fund Exhibition, which is not quite finished. Mr. Bispham, whom I rate as an animal painter inferior only to Landseer, Ansdell, and Rosa Bonheur, competes with a "Landscape and Cattle," which is one of the best pictures ever produced in Philadelphia. This collection of paintings, which is considered superior to any yet exhibited in Philadelphia, and which consists exclusively of works by American artists, will be taken to New York next month to show Gotham what Philadelphia can do in art.

A gentleman of this city, who believes that he can in-

terpret the difficult passages of the Book of Daniel and the Apocalypse, has just published a pamphlet containing a long letter, which he sent to the late Convention of Bishops, held in Philadelphia, urging them, as the second advent of the Saviour is at hand—he fixes it for the year 1866, and no mistake—they (the bishops) ought "to pronounce upon this subject." They declined; so he prints his letter, with additions. He affirms that "we may look for the casting down of the thrones and the coming of the Son of God in 1866; and nothing can seem more probable, at this time, from all appearances, than that the thrones will be cast down in 1866. The Pope's certainly; and if his, then all." Napoleon "is one of the horns of the Beast, merely, and will fall by a sword in 1866;" and "when the tribulation of the Jews is ended, as it will be in 1866, then, immediately after, shall the sun be darkened and the moon shall not give her light." The writer of this strange matter is a capital man of business, a religious man, well educated, sensible upon most subjects, but certainly with "a tile loose upon this."

R. S. M.

BOSTON.

BOSTON, Dec. 18, 1865.

JUVENILES are accumulating in such numbers on the approach of the holidays, that I am compelled to say something supplemental to what I wrote in a former letter. One of the books before me is of the class of fairy literature which the German is so rich in. It is a group of stories from that language, translated by Anna B. Cooke, from Madame Ottalie Wildermuth, published by E. P. Dutton & Co. There is that mixture of the supernatural in it that would have made Andersen's old privy counselor lift his hands in horror, as he would have at all the quaint, grotesque old legendary recitals of half the grandmothers and all the antiquated beldams in our land. We in America especially need this development. There is so little in our history that has the glimmer of fairydom or hue of romance, and that little has been so feebly cultivated—no one but Hawthorne has induced our colonial story with all the old-world air it is capable of—that the field is open to the trial of genius. Hawthorne himself used to complain of the difficulty of investing an American subject with any half-supernatural flavor. "Romance and poetry, ivy, lichens, and wall flowers, need rain to make them grow," he says. Thus wrote our lamented romancer only six years ago this very month.

I have rambled thus in view of one or two of the new books now at hand. They are Mr. Thayer's "Youth's History of the Rebellion" (Walker, Fuller & Co.), "The Yankee Middy" and various others of Oliver Optic's stories of the day (Lee & Shepard), and Edmund Kirke's "Patriot Boys and Prison Pictures" (Ticknor & Fields). These are all such recitals of the great rebellion as our grandfathers would have been glad to have of the war for independence, our fathers that of 1812-14, and even ourselves of that with Mexico. Such have been the changes in the preparation of children's books. Even Peter Parley, omnivorous of subjects for the child as he was, let the Mexican War slip by without a token; and General Scott escaped the "great mercy" of an apotheosis of his boyhood! Of Mr. Thayer's volumes above mentioned he may well say, with Dickens of his "Child's History of England," that he hopes it will enable children by-and-by to read with interest larger and better books on the same subject. This is a legitimate scope for those compendiums for the young, and to incite that interest is desirable. Mr. Adams's series, in which he is carrying two lads from humble capacities through ascending grades, in the respective services of sea and land, is, if I may judge from the present volume, an admirable one. The recital is graphic and the tendency advantageous; and the stimulative adventure is kept within commendable limits without any loss of liveliness. Indeed, were it not for the uncertainty of literary fame, I should deem it very certain the name of Oliver Optic would be stolen as badly as ever Peter Parley's was. Even now rival publishers are advertising books as the production of writers second only to him. Edmund Kirke hardly stands a comparison with him, and lacks his competitor's adroitness, and, I suspect, knowledge of boyhood. His book is not without interest; but it betrays the political partizan, and some other traits of journalistic service. I would wager, however, that many a sturdy little patriot of the land would pronounce it excellent. Good haters of treason and its wiles are quite as common, I find, among the young folks as with those of riper experience.

There is a fair chance to contrast the scenes of to-day with those of a century or more back, as well as a

foreign master of this style of story, in the current reprint of "The Privateersman" (Roberts Brothers). Captain Marryatt has been pronounced the best narrator of sea tales after Smollett, and Mr. Bohn tells us that in a series of his books, which he intended for boys, of which this is one, he professedly took more pains than with his novels. The present book has been before the public over twenty years, and has appeared in one or two editions since in England.

Another little book from Dutton & Co. illustrates the opposite tendency. "Cushions and Corners" is a reprint from the English—a story of a common household, showing how pleasantly life slips along to the compliant, docile child, and how angularly to one who is always at war with its fortune, and consequently with itself. Any little circle of children might listen with interest to the lips of a mother repeating it for their instruction as well as amusement.

Of still another character is Miss Seymour's "Christmas Holidays at Cedar Grove," a companion-volume of the "Easter Holidays;" and both volumes in the several years they have been before the public have been, in circulation at least, a success. The author pushes antiquarian elucidation to the limits of the pleasurable, and gives instruction with the amusement. This and the other classes brought before us, have their place and their value. It seems to me that as various as is the demand—of course within the limits of religion and morality—just so various must be the supply, and that we must recognize the existence of the demand as a proof of necessity, which is only subject to regulation. The bookseller's accounts will at once show and prevent any excess above what the world of little folks can absorb, and hence, in this view, the pecuniary interests of the publishers will produce the needful regulation. And as to the amount of absorption, that is the duty of the parents to decide in each individual case.

I must defer an examination of Mr. Calvert's "Poems," and his treatise on "The Gentleman," a third edition of which is just out by Dutton & Co.; of Dr. Bigelow's "Limits of Education," from the same publishers—a notable essay; of Buchanan's "Poems," now out, from Roberts Brothers; as well as of several English publications, of which they have the American market, importing editions with their imprint, such as "The Round of Days," an illustrated "Don Quixote," and Rogers's "Pleasures of Memory," a curiosity in the way of its artistic embellishments, of which more anon. The same publishers announce to-day reprints of Barry Cornwall's "Life of Lamb," and "The Poems of Christina Rossetti," the not unknown sister of the better known Pre-Raphaelite painter. They are also receiving the sheets of Lamartine's "Life of Byron" as fast as printed, and the translation of the book is going on, to have it ready for publication as soon as possible after its completion in France. The literary world (in view of the material that the author is reported to have derived from the Countess Guiccioli) has not had for a long time any thing so appetizing as this announcement from Lamartine, who was foolish enough to write an article recently grossly abusive of us as a nation, which not unnaturally leads to the suspicion that he was indignant at the reception given his undignified method of mendicancy among us.

Tilton & Co. have ready this week several books lately announced, viz.: "Child Life in Italy," by a governess in the family of the late sculptor, Crawford; and two of Dalziel's illustrated issues, which they produce for the American market, "Birket Foster's English Landscape," with text by Tom Taylor; and "Home Thoughts and Home Scenes," after designs by Houghton and text from various hands.

From an examination of the early sheets of Mr. Frothingham's "Life and Times of Joseph Warren," and from the report of students of our Revolutionary history who have gone over, in advance of publication, Mr. Wells's "Life and Public Exercises of Samuel Adams" (both in press with Little, Brown & Co.), it appears we are to have shortly two valuable contributions to our national history. Mr. Frothingham's book has the lesser scope, but, probably, greater minutiae of detail. Warren fell in 1775, and Samuel Adams lived to 1803, but the ground from 1767 to 1775, while the proceedings of the patriots were taking shape for the future, is fully covered in the lesser work, and Mr. F. has had the benefit of the Adams papers, etc., which have been in the keeping of Mr. Bancroft.

Mr. Frothingham, a citizen of Charlestown, Massachusetts, made his first historical venture some twenty years ago in a history of that town, which, of course, had something more than local interest, because it had been the

center of colonial history on more occasions than one. His investigations on this theme prepared him for writing his "History of the Siege of Boston," which included the affairs of Lexington, Concord, and Bunker Hill, as well as the final expulsion of the British. This work passed through two editions (1849, 1851) and is now, unfortunately, out of print. Mr. Bancroft has spoken of it as the best of our monographs on insulated points of our history, and the compliment is not undeserved.

Since this work was issued Mr. F. has been much of the time on the editorial staff of the Boston Post, but he has found time for continuing his studies, and we have had occasional proofs of it in articles in his own journal, as well as some papers published in the "The Atlantic," in 1862-3, detailing events preceding the time of his recital in the "Siege." Some time since he resigned his editorial position, thus acquiring greater leisure for the prosecution of his investigations, and the result is to be seen in the forthcoming work, as well as in a series of lectures on "The American Union," which he is about giving before the "Lowell Institute" in Boston.

Mr. Bancroft, in a private letter to the publishers, speaking of the decade immediately antecedent to the fight at Charlestown, calls those years the greatest in the history of the town of Boston, and pronounces Samuel Adams the foremost citizen at the time. It was the opinion of the late Alexander H. Everett that, during the same term, Warren was the most prominent man in New England. There is no conflict in the two opinions. Warren fascinated all, and his personal influence was unsurpassed. Adams conquered, on the other hand, by sheer force of will. He was a political seer, and dominated by reason of a nervous insight.

Subsequent to 1774 there is an abundance of material to illustrate this epoch. For the seven or eight years antecedent the matter is not so plenty, and no general history of the United States or even of Massachusetts could give an exhaustive account of this beginning of our germinating nationality. Snow, in his history of Boston, presented the matter very meagerly; and Mr. Drake's massive volume only comes down to 1770, and though very valuable as an accumulation of facts, it is not pleasantly nor well written. Mr. James S. Loring, in his "Hundred Boston Orators," published much interesting reliable and traditional evidence, but all couched in a most ridiculous style, which sadly marred his work for the cultivated reader. A "Genealogy of the Warren Family," prepared by the late Dr. Warren, was the only other printed source that contained much upon the subject, and this gave several of the general's letters, which, however, as far as discovered, are confined mostly to the last fifteen months of his life; the present volume, by the way, will contain a *fac-simile* of the last Warren ever wrote, being dated the day before he fell, copied from the original in the archives of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Mr. Sparks possesses a collection of the letters and papers of Sir Francis Bernard, the colonial governor for much of the time; in the state archives of Massachusetts are the books and papers of Governor Hutchinson; and these, with all other valuable resources, have been largely depended upon by the author, who thus expresses the scope of his volume: "While a view will be given of the great popular demonstration in which Warren was an actor, only so much general history will be related as may be necessary to show the workings of political influence on the community among whom he passed his life."

W.

LONDON.

LONDON, November 29, 1865.

STRAUSS'S "LIFE OF JESUS."

STRAUSS'S new "Life of Jesus," just published in two volumes by Williams & Norgate, in an authorized translation, is the chief literary and theological event of the day. The French translation has, as I learn on good authority, already been sold to the extent of fifteen thousand copies. In England Mudie has decided not to admit it into his library, which will greatly enhance the sale of the work, since many thousands of readers of such works, who usually get them from Mudie's circulating library, will now have to purchase the book. The work is quite as heretical, though less critical, than the original work of the author, and is in no sense a copy of, or new wing even added to, that work. This book is constructive in its aim, and proposes to do for the German people what Renan has done for the French.

TOCQUEVILLE.

The seventh and eighth volumes of the "Œuvres Complètes de A. de Tocqueville" have just been published by Michael Lévy, in Paris. The seventh contains a new series of letters, the eighth a collection of fragmentary composi-

tions on various subjects. Among the last are some chapters of his great work, "Ancien Régime," some notes on the Revolution of 1789 and the First Empire, and many detached notes relating to England, Ireland, and America. The work grows in interest.

ARTHUR MUNBY.

Mr. Arthur Munby is winning golden opinions by his new volume of poems: "Verses, New and Old" (Bell & Daldy). Here is a good specimen of them, entitled "De Profundis":

"Our Marian's husband has been drown'd at sea!
Far under rolling storms he lies asleep,
Enchanted into that tremendous calm
And awful silence of the midway deep:
The weight of ocean water bears him up,
The weight of ocean water holds him down;
Rots his pale flesh and loosens all his bones,
And saps the sodden tresses from his crown:
So he, dissolving in a still decay,
Floats ever, like the coffin of Mahound,
Poised in the indistinguishable gray
Where thousand corpses, dead without a wound,
Are mingled up with his.
"But she, whose eyes
Forget that he has perish'd; she, who sits
Rocking his children's cradle, or with sighs
Fondles her married finger on her knee
And frames his features in the friendly fire:
She does not know him thus! To her, to her,
His air is always radiant, and the ire
Of death has left him beautiful and kind:
Nay, made him more—a saint of God indeed.
We then, who gaze and pity, shall we say
Her soul takes comfort in a shallow creed
False to the facts of fate; and call her hope
And fancy fruitless; and her deep desire,
So sacred and so sorrowful, a dream?
Or, rather, think that grief doth reinspire
Her emptied heart with odors from above:
That truths beyond our credence are made plain
To her most faithful memory and her love?"

The utmost cheerfulness and even joy prevails among the English liberals at the new appointments, by Earl Russell, of Mr. Göschén to be vice-president of the Board of Trade, and of W. E. Forster to be under-secretary for the colonies. This seems to be truly that "infusion of new blood into the government" for which so many have prayed, but the faith in which had nearly died out under the Palmerstonian glacial era. Mr. Göschén is a young Oxonian of great ability as well as culture, who has already been marked out as the Gladstone of the future by an admirable work on the "Theory of Foreign Exchanges." In appearance he is about thirty, is a fine and clear speaker, and, in short, is one of the best representatives of that England which we associate with such men as Tom Hughes (who is a warm personal friend of Mr. Göschén). Mr. Göschén is partner in one of the largest firms in London, and makes a sacrifice of several thousand pounds per annum by entering Lord Russell's cabinet. Mr. Forster is better known in America on account of his long connection with the anti-slavery movement. He is, I believe, a nephew of the distinguished Fowell Buxton, and the son of the Quaker William Forster, who died in the state of Tennessee, whilst engaged in working for the welfare and liberty of the slave. Mr. Forster's Quakerism survives only in his plain, blunt truth-speaking, his simplicity, and his love of freedom. He has particularly defended the United States during the civil war, and his appointment is held to be an earnest of good-will to our country, it being well known that Mr. F. would not accept office unless he knew that the Premier would pursue an amicable policy toward America. He is a noble speaker—ruggedly fine, bluntly suave, and susceptible of a glowing enthusiasm. He is the friend of John Bright, and after a few more such as Forster have gone in and purified the government, Bright himself—who stands not quite, but almost, as aloof as Phillips from ours—may enter it. It is evident that Earl Russell's determination to carry a large measure of reform has not slackened since that day when, on the failure of his bill in the House of Commons, he burst into tears.

THEATERS.

Charles Matthews is still acting in the very amusing farce of "Who Killed Cock Robin?" at the Haymarket. It is truly wonderful how such an old man can get himself up as a youngster with so much success. His wife takes the principal female rôle in the piece, a wild, harum-scarum Mexican girl, appropriately called by her mild English father, who married her mother while making a fortune in Mexico more swiftly and honestly than Maximilian (*i. e.*, making English muffins), a "flash of lightning." The most considerable piece at the theater, however, is Tom Taylor's "Overland Route," a piece relating to Australia, in which Mr. Matthews and his wife act finely. Mr. Buckstone also sustaining one of the characters. The "Overland Route" is the revival of a piece which once had an admirable run at the Haymarket, and

is destined, I think, to have another. At Drury Lane Charles Lever's "Charles O'Malley" has been revived under the title of "Galway go Bragh; or, Love, Fun, and Frolic." Mr. Edmund Falconer, the "adapter and paraphraser," while converting the romance into a drama, thought more of fun than of construction or dialogue, and the piece abounds in that species of practical jokes for which Mr. Lever's novels are famous, and for which Ireland once upon a time seemed to have taken out a patent. The character of *Mickey Free*, which in its day was considered a creation, is capably sustained by Mr. Falconer, who allows none of its frolicsome humor or whimsicality to escape him in the acting.

MERE MENTION.

There have been many visits this week to the newly uncovered bust of Thackeray in Westminster Abbey. It is the work of Baron Marochetti, and is too much in the style of the usual monumental art in the Abbey to be a success. The memorial consists of a bust of life-size upon a base of red serpentine, and mounted on a bronze support. The inscription simply records the name, with the dates of birth and death. The bust is slightly toned. It is fixed against a wall-column in the south transept, behind the statue of Addison. The work was uncovered on Monday morning, the daughters of the lamented author, the Dean of Westminster, the sculptor, and the honorary secretary to the Memorial Fund, Mr. Shirley Brooks, attending.

It was resolved at an influential meeting of the subscribers to the Gladstone Memorial Fund, held in Oxford on Friday, to offer to the Bodleian Library a bust of Mr. Gladstone, by Woolner, on a pedestal decorated with reliefs from Homeric subjects by the same artist. Poor Tennyson (*i. e.*, Woolner's) still stands disconsolately at the foot of the library at Cambridge, waiting (such is the university's rule) the demise of its original at Farringford ere it can ascend to a pedestal among the busts of the great departed Cantabs.

A new work on decentralization by that industrious French-Londoner, Louis Blanc, will be soon published. Its title is "L'Etat et la Commune." By the way, L. B. has written some severe criticisms concerning the policy (or impolicy) of Gov. Eyre and the other English officials in Jamaica, a policy which he describes as "not an eye for an eye, but ten eyes for one."

Here is an item for those who have been following: Wilkie Collins's novel, "Armada," in the pages of "Cornhill" or "Harper." There is a vessel lying at present at the Huskisson Dock (Liverpool) called the "Armada." On Saturday a shipkeeper employed thereon was found lying dead. On Sunday another keeper, appointed in his place, was removed to the hospital in a dying condition, and yesterday another man was found dead on board.

Mr. Hotten does not bid fair to succeed in his suit against the other publishers of Artemus Ward's books. The enemy declares that his copy is printed from Carleton's publication, and Mr. Hotten will find it difficult to prove that it is not.

The Viscountess Palmerston has left Cambridge House and taken a residence in Park Lane, once the residence of the Marquis of Breadalbane.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

- CLARKE & Co., Chicago, Ill.—The Patriotism of Illinois. By T. M. Eddy, D.D. 1865. Vol. I. Pp. 608.
BUNCE & HINTON, New York.—Melodies and Madrigals. Mostly from the old English Poets. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. 1866. Pp. 265.
The Late English Poets. Edited by Richard Henry Stoddard. 1865. Pp. 539.
The King's Bell. By Richard Henry Stoddard. 1865.
T. NELSON & SONS, New York.—Short Words to Read and Spell. Pp. 23.
The Death and Burial of Cock Robin. With oil-colored illustrations.
The Children in the Wood. With oil-colored illustrations.
The Three Good Friends—Lily, Carrie, and Floss. With oil-colored illustrations.
Nursery Rhymes. With oil-colored illustrations.
C. SCHUBERT & Co., New York.—Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity. By Rev. George P. Fisher. 1866. Pp. 586.
P. O'SHEA, New York.—The American Republic: Its Constitution, Tendencies, and Destiny. By O. A. Brownson, LL.D. 1860. Pp. 439.
A. ROMAN & Co., San Francisco, Cal.—The Resources of California. By John S. Hittell. 1866. Pp. 494.
J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., Philadelphia.—Robert Dalby and his World of Troubles: Being the Early Days of a Connoisseur. 1866. Pp. 324.
Inner Rome: Political, Religious, Social. By Rev. C. M. Butler, D.D. 1866. Pp. 351.
LINDSAY & BLAKISTON, Philadelphia.—The Woodcliff Children. By Harriet B. McKever. 1866. Pp. 248.
LEE & SHEPARD, Boston.—Work and Win; or, Noddy Newman on a Cruise. By Oliver Optic. 1866. Pp. 288.
D. APPLETON & Co., New York.—Sun Rays from Fair and Cloudy Skies. By Cousin Carrie. 1866. Pp. 260.
GRAVES & YOUNG, Boston.—The Young Man's Friend. By Daniel C. Eddy, D.D. 1865. Pp. 288.
WILLIAM H. APPLETON, New York.—The Mothers of the Bible. By Mrs. S. G. Ashton. With an introductory essay by Rev. A. L. Stone. 1866. Pp. 325.
The Boys of the Bible. By Henry L. Williams, Jr. 1865. Pp. 312.
The Girls of the Bible. By P. C. Headley. 1866. Pp. 284.
A. D. F. RANDOLPH, New York.—The Seven Great Hymns of the Medieval Church. 1865. Pp. 122.

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